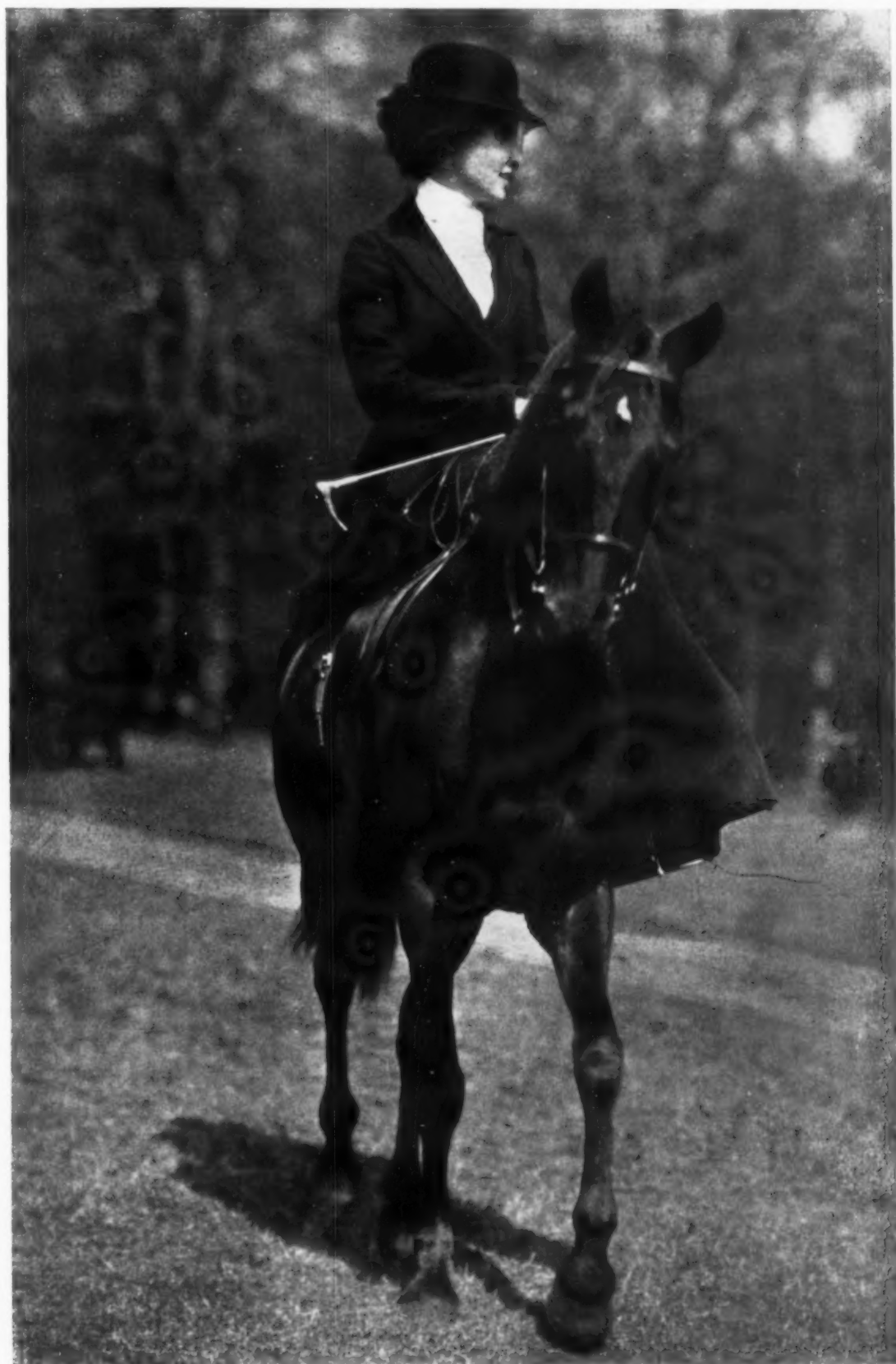


COUNTRY LIFE

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H. BARRETT.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

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THE Journal for all interested in.

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new volume of "English Homes."

STAND CLEAR!

IN his speech at the Colonial Institute on November 12th, Mr. George A. Foster, most eloquent of Canadian statesmen, set out a policy for the Dominion that proved him to have indeed leapt the barriers of the little province of his youth—"I could almost throw a stone from one end of it to the other," he said. He spoke, as it behoves us all to think, Imperially. This is not only the way to prosperity, but the path of peace. As a good Canadian, Mr. Foster was chiefly concerned about Colonial responsibility in regard to emigration. What is the value of the Mother Country to her Colonies? Her people supply the two essentials—capital and labour. Money makes money, and labour makes money. The wealth we send to the Colonies, either in the shape of invested capital or labour, is like seed cast into a good soil. But Mr. Foster admits that the colony which draws them incurs responsibility by doing so. Our rural districts are searched by the emigration agents for capable and industrious young men and women, as the old cottages are ransacked for antiques by the collectors. The tendency is to take away the strong physically and morally and to leave the weak. But Mr. Foster says: Let them all come, the weak as well as the strong, the unemployed, the unemployable, the orphan, the wastrel, the no-man's child. England will welcome this outcome of "the

consciousness of Empire" on the part of Mr. Foster, but will, we hope, not on that account defer her own remedial measures. Let there be no mistake. The most urgent duty that Parliament has before it is so to deal with the Poor Law, breaking it up if necessary into fragments for the purpose, that the merely unfortunate will be segregated from the lazy, the vicious and the work-shy, so that pressure can be brought to bear on them. If Canada will lend a hand, so much the better.

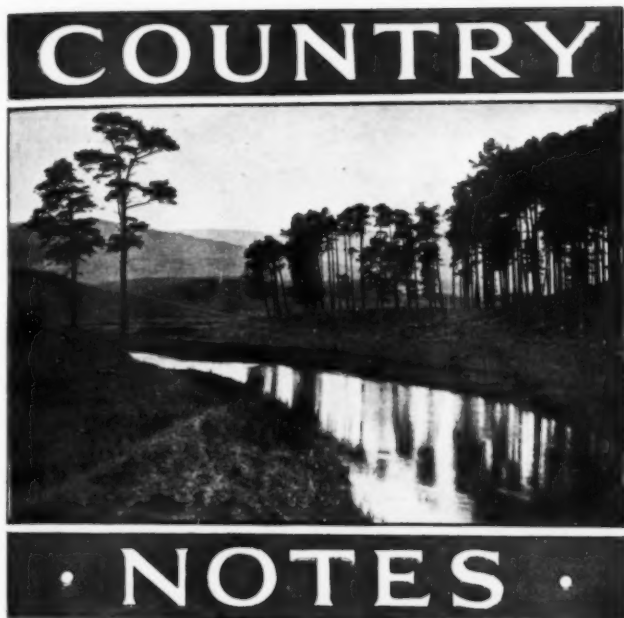
Unfortunately, it is a characteristic of most of the statesmen of the present moment to be very much concerned, as it were, with the parish pump and neglect the great Imperial ideas. There is very little clear thinking on the most important of all political questions of the day. First of all the idea of Empire seems to be either fading out of the British intellect or to be held as a mere nebula. How many of the politicians of the day are capable of putting themselves in the position of a Canadian or an Australian Minister and seeing clearly with the Colonial eye on what conditions they would have to strengthen the Fleet? The first of these obviously is that Great Britain should stand clear of all European complications. There is no territorial question in Europe awaiting settlement at the hands of Great Britain; in other words, there is no reason that we should mix ourselves up in any way with the complications of Continental politics, nor, if the British Empire can be brought to think and act as a whole, is it in the slightest need of allies. Preserve the best understanding, the most cordial relations with other countries; peace is our policy; but it is unanswerable that the Colonials are not going to give their substance for the purpose of financing a merely European quarrel. The issue that would call forth their whole strength must be an Imperial issue. According to every sign and portent visible at the moment, this is what it is going to be, because if any other nation has an ambition hostile to this country, it is hostile to it not as a neighbour but as an Empire.

Mr. Foster's phrase, "the consciousness of Empire," expresses everything. Its existence in the Colonies would cause them to think of every British problem as their own. It is to their interest as much as ours that the surplus womanhood and unemployable manhood and the outcast children should be brought under the incentives and stimulation of new surroundings and of thriving peoples. The same Imperial consciousness should cause our statesmen to think not so much of the little questions that affect these islands as of the great and serious problems which concern all the vast Dominions of the King. We do not believe that tightening the bonds with straps is going to produce the result aimed at; but the belief in this is the weakness of one set of statesmen just as indifference is the weakness of their rivals. The question of trade is not at the moment pressing. We are certainly right in saying that never in the history of commerce has commercial activity been so prolonged as it is in the period through which we are passing. In the past we have had great spells of depression and little spurts of industry, now we have great spurts of industry and short periods of depression. Canada itself is an example of a country advancing by leaps and bounds. Its neighbour, the United States, is equally, if not even more prosperous. France, Germany, Italy, Austria are all thriving beyond what they could have dreamt of thirty years ago. Our own trade returns have swollen to dimensions beyond those of the most prosperous of previous years. The meaning can only be that hordes of people are waking up to the knowledge that comforts and luxuries that used to be beyond their reach are now attainable. The Colonies, therefore, do not depend on the Mother Country, for trade and experience have shown that in their case the apparently slight bond of kinship and friendship is stronger than any formulated attachment. Moreover, the great peace interests of the Colonies are the peace interests of Great Britain. Thus Britannia can summon her children to come together on an equal footing and make that amount of preparation which will make it impossible to take the Empire by surprise and render it invulnerable to any deliberate assault.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of the Duchess of Portland, who entertains the King during the coming week. The Duchess of Portland is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas-Yorke of Walmsgate, Louth, and married the Duke of Portland in 1889.

* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



IT would be untrue to say that architecture has suffered a blow in the death of Mr. Norman Shaw, for his great life-work was done. Save for Mr. Philip Webb, happily with us still, Mr. Shaw was the last of the great Victorian architects. An eminent critic of things architectural was once asked to write a history of modern work, and replied that it would be no more than a history of Norman Shaw and the men whom he had influenced. It was a broad generalisation, but had the essence of truth in it, especially in reference to domestic building. Himself a child of the Gothic Revival, Mr. Shaw never lost the swing and elasticity and daring which were characteristic of the great architects of his youth. This vitality he imparted to his revival of the aims and qualities which we associate with the age of Wren. He made what is curiously called the "Queen Anne Style" the fashion, but his personal power gave it a new point and direction.

Shaw was not an archaeologist in design, but an original thinker, as our readers have long ago discovered from the many houses of his inventing which have been illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. It is impossible to anticipate the verdict of posterity by estimating the relative place he will fill in the story of English architecture, but we can already see his work in sufficient perspective to be assured that it will always be called great. Scotland Yard is an original conception which shows an assured mastery of a difficult problem of design, and it emerged unscathed from one of the rare æsthetic controversies in the House of Commons. When all is said, Mr. Norman Shaw's great work was the restoration of architecture to the dignity of the Mistress Art, and with it he raised the status of the architect. His work in this direction was none the less successful because he never identified himself with any institute or society save the Royal Academy, of which he was a member. Modest, suave, dignified and of winning manner, he was typical of all that is best in the art which he served so faithfully during a long and honourable life.

In the new issue of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture there is reprinted an extremely valuable address on foot-and-mouth disease, read by Professor Bang, Copenhagen, at a meeting of the Royal Veterinary and Agricultural College of that town. Professor Bang's study of the history and character of the disease will repay careful reading on the part of English breeders and graziers. We cannot do more than allude to it here. But it is particularly interesting to notice his attempt to find out how, in spite of the greatest care and vigilance, the disease breaks out sporadically in Denmark. He concludes that there must be a natural mode of transport. Evidently the germs come from Germany, and Germany gets them from Russia, where foot-and-mouth is chronic. Professor Bang says: "I have thought for many years that it might be birds, such as gulls, crows, rooks, etc., which might conceivably fly across from Germany and carry infection on their feet, or possibly in their intestines, after having collected it from infected manure." He also considers it not impossible that the infection may have been carried by the wind, or it might even be a question of particles floating in the air in a free condition, or attached to the legs of insects, or possibly spiders' webs.

The last-mentioned are called "flying summer," and "at this time of the year," he says, they "are seen flying about in profusion." The time of year alluded to was autumn, as the address was delivered on October 16th, 1911. These speculations may be useful to those who are investigating the life-history of the foot-and-mouth bacterium.

Another part of Professor Bang's paper will be read in connection with Mr. Runciman's relaxation of the regulations in Ireland. Professor Bang refers to certain observations made in Sweden "which seem to indicate that the infection can remain for a long time with an animal which has passed through the disease." The specific case was that of a Dutch bull which, "after undergoing the prescribed period of quarantine," was imported into a Swedish herd. Disease broke out seven months after. It was then discovered that this Dutch bull had a slit at the back of the hoof and that this slit, "just at the time that the disease broke out in the herd, had grown so far down as to release, presumably, the virus in it." In Denmark it is not possible that infection could be carried in this way, because no cattle are imported from abroad. The issue, therefore, is narrowed down considerably. Contagion in all probability is carried by persons who have visited German cattle markets or who have come into touch with infected herds in Germany. This at any rate is an avoidable cause. Professor Bang does not think that as far as Denmark is concerned there is much danger in the carriage of infection through foreign fodder or packing; but if his suspicion is correct about the birds and the wind, then at present there is no known means of coping with it.

THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.

Stretches of open upland—

Sky and winds are good;

And sudden little valleys

Bound about with wood;

Tall elms that through the ages

Sentinel have stood.

Here a stone-tiled village,

Grey as some old keep;

And there an apple orchard

Clust'ring down a steep;

Softly chiming church bells—

Lest the hours should sleep.

A still and peaceful people,

These dwellers of the way;

Slow-toiling men and women,

Bright-eyed boys at play,

They smile and greet the morning,

Giving Life "Good-day!" M. I. HOPE.

At the ripe old age of ninety-seven, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, the well-known authority on poultry and the natural history of birds, died at Golder's Green on Monday. Mr. Tegetmeier was the son of a Hanoverian surgeon who settled in London, and it was fortunate for him that he, being destined for the same profession, received an early grounding in anatomy. Later on, when he developed an extraordinary faculty for natural history and a taste for breeding poultry and pigeons, his mastery of the scalpel proved of very great service to him. He was renowned for his care and accuracy, and Charles Darwin has borne testimony to the value of the experiments in breeding which he carried out for the great evolutionist.

The number of vegetables in the outdoor garden at this season is much larger than is generally realised. During recent years much has been done to bring before the public the merits of many of the lesser-known kinds, and two excellent groups were staged. One of these groups contained nearly fifty distinct kinds, most of which had been culled from the outdoor garden, so that lack of variety ought not to be so pronounced on the dinner-table as it is in too many households. Some of the vegetables shown from the outdoor garden, and are not at all well known, were New Zealand spinach, Chinese artichokes, kohl rabi, garden forms of the swede turnip, seakale beet, Russian kale, scorzonera, and Golden Bull turnips. They might all be grown in a cottage garden.

Amid so much that is squalid in the conduct of the politics of the day, it is good to recognise that the House of Commons has a Speaker who will stand the closest comparison with the ablest men who in the past have filled that honourable but difficult post. The recent disturbance, looked at with the eye of an impartial observer, disclosed faults on both sides. The

defeat of the Government was one of those incidents which have just that flavour of boyish audacity that helps to make politics amusing; but in the scene that followed Mr. Asquith failed for once to take full account of the precedents of the House. Perhaps there is a disposition on the part of members of the present Government to ignore the fact that the procedure of Parliament is the growth of experience and not a mere convention. On the other hand, there is very little to be said in justification of the rowdy method adopted by the Opposition. The situation might have come to a deadlock if it had not been for the intervention of the Speaker, who, with admirable tact, courage and firmness, suggested that both sides should take a few days to think the matter over, while at the same time it is understood he privately formulated the course that was ultimately adopted. It is to the credit of both parties that they recognised the wisdom and moderation of this counsel and that the advice of the Speaker prevailed. At the touch of his magic wand the House of Commons fell back into the humdrum and commonplace which is its natural atmosphere.

With the Bulgarian guns thundering at the Tchataldja forts and cholera raging within the gates of Constantinople, it is perhaps too much to expect that either besiegers or besieged should pay much attention to the antiquities of the town of Constantinople. Certainly human life is more precious than any relics, and it were greatly to be desired that there should be no destruction of either. Yet we cannot help remembering the vast accumulations from the past that have perished and disappeared during wartime. There is not a nation on the Continent which does not mourn such losses, and even we in Great Britain, who have had no invader since Duke William landed at Hastings, have nevertheless lost much at the hands of the soldiery. Many of our cathedrals and other fair buildings still carry the marks of Cromwell's cannon. Constantinople in its very lack of progress has preserved much of the past, and it is difficult to see what the Balkan Armies can gain by ravaging its streets. The antiquarian will join with the humanitarian in the hope that it may be spared the ignominy of being sacked.

Practical testimony to the value of bloodhounds for detective work has just been given in a Hampshire village. For some time past the inhabitants have been terrorised by night fires, and human vigilance utterly failed to discover the incendiary. The police made a special effort to lay hold of the culprit, and they were helped by voluntary watchers; but the man who did the mischief probably watched too, and found opportunities to continue his terrible game. On Saturday night, however, when a hayrick was set on fire, two bloodhounds were brought on the scene. Almost immediately they picked up a hot scent, and began to gallop over the open field, dragging their keeper behind them. Eventually they got to a back door in a village house, and scraped violently as if seeking for entry. The man inside at first refused to come down, and only did so finally at the threat of force. It would not be fair to assume his guilt until he has had a fair trial, but the action of the hounds must go a long way towards bringing it home to him. And, at any rate, the fact of these four-footed detectives coming into action will soon get noised about and be a deterrent to any others who meditate arson.

There are at last good reasons for hoping that the road authorities have at length found a composition for road-coating which is not as fatal to fish-life, by its effluents, as those which were used a few years ago. Greater care, moreover, is being exercised to prevent the effluents from reaching the rivers. At the same time, there is no doubt that much disappointment has fallen to the lot of many an owner of a stream who has turned in a fresh stock of fish since the depletion caused by the tar effluent, and has not found his new importations faring as well as he had expected them to. What a good many people seem to forget is that the chemical stuff which has killed off the fish was very injurious to those creatures also which form the food of the fish—the fresh-water shrimps and molluscs, the flies and so on. There is no question that the laying down of a new supply of this fish-food is necessary in many streams and pieces of ornamental water before a new trout stock is turned into it, if the fresh stock is to find that sufficiency of food which is the first necessity for the growth and good condition of trout.

We hear a good deal of complaint about the sharks which, as it appears, are invading the Mediterranean in constantly increasing numbers, through the Suez Canal. They begin to create a problem with which the Italians will perhaps find them-

selves able to deal when they have had time to enter more fully into occupation of their new possession of Tripoli. The sponge fishery off that coast is of some importance. It is said to be mainly in the hands of Greek firms, but no doubt the Italians will now seek to control it, as it is a profitable business. Of late the divers for the sponges have been much harassed by the attacks of the sharks, and there have been one or two instances of the men losing life or limb to these sea monsters. It remains to be seen whether a progressive and ingenious people like the Italians will be able to devise a means of protecting these valuable fisheries from the disturbing attacks of the sharks on the fishers. Conceivably the explosion of dynamite might deter the sharks from approaching; but would it have an ill effect on the little creatures that build the sponges? At all events, the explosion of dynamite in a sea teeming with fish is a heroic counsel, not to be lightly entertained. The Mediterranean fisheries of many kinds are so valuable that the increase of the sharks undoubtedly presents a very serious problem.

QUIET STREET.

As you wandered thro' the city, did you come to Quiet Street?
The place where all is peaceful, and where storms no longer beat,
Each house there has a window, looking backward thro' the years,
But those who view the distant scene are past the time of tears.
They have borne the toil and trouble of the noonday stress and heat.

And now their work is over, they have come to Quiet Street.

If ever, in the gloaming, you should come to Quiet Street,
You will catch a strain of music that is faint and far and sweet,
And the people pause and wonder in their passing to and fro.—
For they think they hear a melody that sounded long ago.
They could not stay to listen in the days when Life was fleet,
But time is very tender to the folk in Quiet Street.

If in Summer-time or Winter, you should come to Quiet Street,
In the sunlight or the shadow, there's a lady you may meet.
They say her name is Memory; I know her gentle face
Is lovely with the sweetness of a long-departed grace.
You will not often find her, for she walks with noiseless feet,
But I think she knows the secret of each heart in Quiet Street.

KATHLEEN D. CLOSE.

A clearance of the air may perhaps result from the discussion that has arisen over the literary adventure of Mr. Morley Roberts. That gentleman wrote a book which, under the form of a novel, was a thinly veiled biography of the late Algernon Gissing. This is the most notorious of many cases that have recently occurred. It is easy for the novelist to work from personal knowledge of the most direct and immediate kind, but the retort is obvious that genius itself works from personal knowledge; only genius goes on amassing this knowledge, digesting, simplifying, clarifying it till the outcome is not a portrait of any individual living or dead, but a creation which "all came out of the carver's brain." Apart from the high artistic reason, there are many more commonplace objections to the habit of putting into the pages of fiction portraits of living persons or those very recently dead. For one thing it leads to misjudgment. It has been said that few people understand themselves, and still fewer their neighbour. In the case referred to, much pain must have been caused to the widow and relatives of the dead man. We hope that the general and influential protest that has been made will help in some degree to check a practice that is calculated to make life uneasy and add to the terror of death. Not many care to leave their bodies to the anatomist, or their faults to the sharper scalpel of their literary friends.

Motors have helped us to the solution of many problems of country life, but they have distinctly emphasised and increased the difficulty of one of them, and that is the best mode of employing, in a country house, the hours between lighting-up-time and dinner-time. A goodly portion of these hours was occupied in the days of horse-drawn traffic in the return from the coverts or the golf course; but the motor has shortened the journeys, in point of time, to a minimum, and even bridge does not dispose of the spare hours to the satisfaction of every man. It is interesting to note the very wide range of subjects which is comprehended by that delicious writer, Mr. Richard Blome, in the work which he published in the seventeenth century under the title of "The Gentleman's Recreation." To the second part of his folio volume he relegates such pastimes as Horsemanship, Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, Fishing, Agriculture and Cock-fighting, while in the earlier portion, and therefore, presumably, in pride of place, are given such

subjects of light recreation as Grammar, Rhetorick, Logick, Theology, Meta-physics, Astrology, Fortification, Opticks, Drawing and Painting, Heraldry and many more.

The exordium in which he commends these pastimes to his readers' attention is full of charm: "By knowledge men aspire to the height of vertue and wisdom; by learning we are made worthy the favour of kings and princes; and literature not only celebrates and renders us praiseworthy in our life, but makes our renown survive to all posterity. The study of the arts and sciences entertains youth, rejoiceth old age, adorns

prosperity and gives refuge and consolation to adversity. 'Tis a pleasure in the closet, a companion in the field and a fellow-traveller in a journey. Since, therefore, so great advantages and emoluments are proposed to persons studious in learning, how laudable would it be for the Nobility and Gentry to employ their chief study therein." Obviously to the admirable Blome there would be no difficulty at all in suggesting agreeable amusements for the long winter evenings. When a member of the nobility or gentry has fought his main of cocks he would pass by an easy transition to the study of Cosmography or of Dyalling. The hours need never be dull with Blome.

A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION.

By DONALD W. HUTCHINSON.

[By a singular coincidence the axolotl of which Dr. Hutchinson has given so fascinating an account underwent the transformation referred to while the account was in type. The story is told in the *Times* of November 18th. The writer, after drawing attention to the more interesting points in the history of the axolotl, namely, that it is an amphibian which breeds freely in a condition which represents the larval stage of common newts, that the transformation was witnessed and reported at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris fifty years ago, and that later a German lady succeeded in inducing some axolotls to transform by gradually forcing them to breathe air, goes on to say: "The experiment has been tried since by many persons, and generally without success. The Curator of Reptiles at the Zoological Gardens has repeated the attempt by a slightly different method, and has at last been successful with one individual, which is now on view in the Reptile House, alongside the axolotls. The *Amblystoma*, which is to be seen lying on damp moss, differs remarkably from the axolotl. It is smaller, having lost nearly half an inch in length during the change. The gills and the swimming web have disappeared, and the head is relatively larger and broader."—ED.]

THERE is no inhabitant of the aquarium more attractive than the Mexican axolotl, or siredon, as it is sometimes called.

Axolotl is the Mexican name given to the larval form of *Amblystoma tigrinum*. This animal is an amphibian, and belongs to the order Urodela. Some years ago the axolotl was more commonly seen for sale on the London market than it is to-day. Most of the specimens seen in this country and throughout Europe have originally come from Paris, where they were first introduced from Mexico about the year 1863. A full-grown axolotl measures from eight to eleven inches in length, is of a very dark plum or brownish grey colour, and has numerous blackish spots distributed over the surface, especially towards the tail region. In shape it is very like the larval form of the British newt.

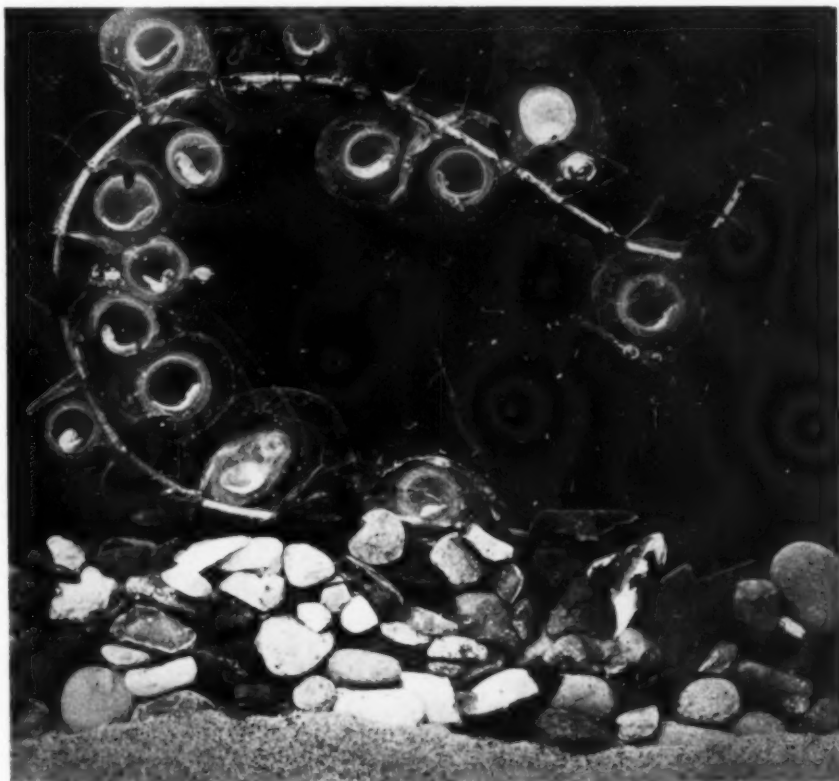


FULL-GROWN AXOLOTL.

Note two eggs attached to water-weed above the head.

The head is much flattened, the mouth wide and the eyes are small and without eyelids. There are two pairs of well-developed limbs; the fore limbs are provided with four digits and the hind with five. On each side of the back part of the head there are three well-marked external gills (these can be well seen in one of the accompanying photographs). I have kept a couple of these interesting amphibians in an ordinary small aquarium for some years now, and they are apparently just as healthy as on the day I first obtained them. They are extremely hardy, and require very little attention. Small pieces of raw meat, or garden worms, form their chief diet. It is always advisable to provide some rockwork at the bottom of an aquarium, where they can hide, as they are essentially lovers of darkness. The curious fact concerning the axolotl is that, although not in itself a completely developed animal, it is, however, able to reproduce its own species.

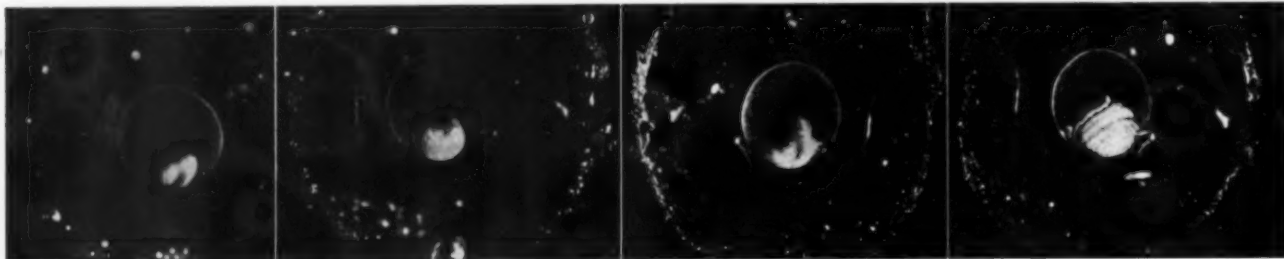
The eggs, which are about a quarter of an inch in diameter and perfectly transparent, are usually attached singly to the stems and leaves of any water plants that may be growing in the tank. In the photograph showing the adult axolotl, a couple of these eggs may be distinctly seen attached to the leaves of one of the plants. The eggs hatch in about twenty-one days; but this varies greatly, and depends largely on the temperature of the water. The series of photographs illustrate the development of the axolotl during the egg state, and they were all taken from one egg, which was detached from the surrounding weed and placed in a suitable



CANADIAN WATER-WEED SHOWING EGGS ATTACHED.
The small embryo can be seen in each egg.

trough. A photograph was taken each day, and it will be seen how rapidly development takes place. Movement of the young embryo was first observed on the fourth day. It appeared to me that the embryo was extremely sensitive to light, or, I should perhaps say, to the heat rays contained in sunlight or the electric arc light. I noticed constantly that, whenever ordinary white light was reflected on to the egg, violent movement of the embryo

invariably took place. If, however, a green glass was interposed in the path of the rays of light (this, of course, cuts off the red or heat end of the spectrum), then movement of the embryo was rarely to be observed. The young embryos begin to develop external gills at a very early stage of their history; but it will be noticed that the limbs do not make their appearance till after birth. White axolotls are occasionally to be met with. These albinos are supposed to be the descendants of



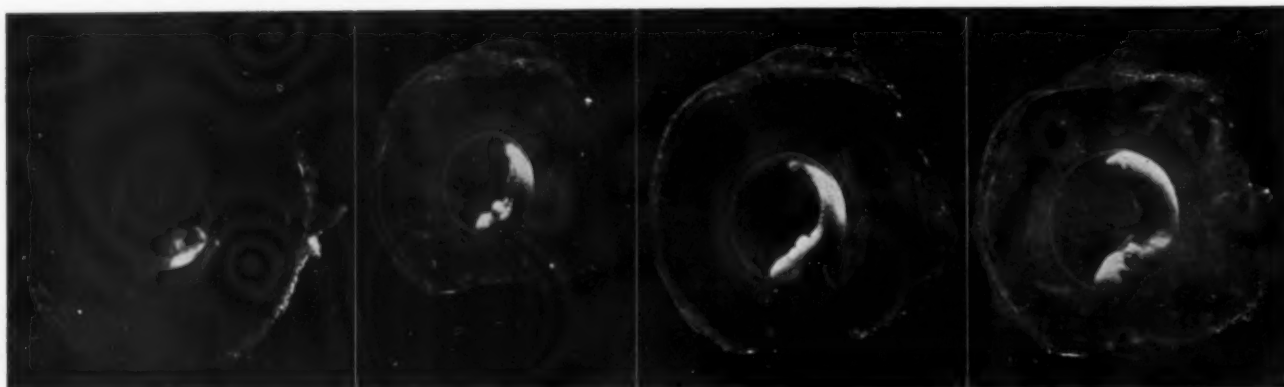
FIRST DAY.

SECOND DAY.

THIRD DAY.

FOURTH DAY.

Showing segmentation.



FIFTH DAY.

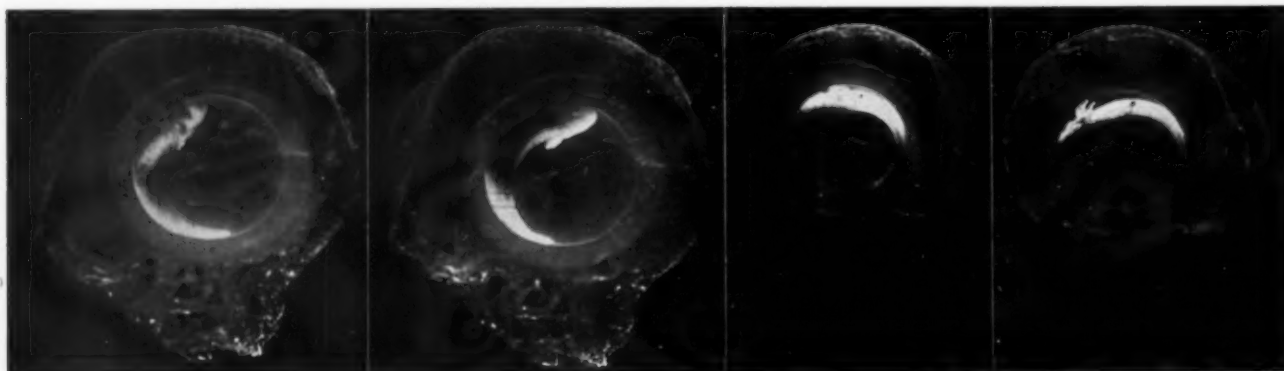
SIXTH DAY.

SEVENTH DAY.

First appearance of costal grooves and bulge which ultimately forms the head. (Active movement of the embryo was noticed in strong light.)

Lateral swelling near the head region, which ultimately forms the external gills.

(a) Upper surface; (b) Under surface. A depression or groove can be seen, which is first sign of mouth. Lateral swelling is dividing into the three external gills.



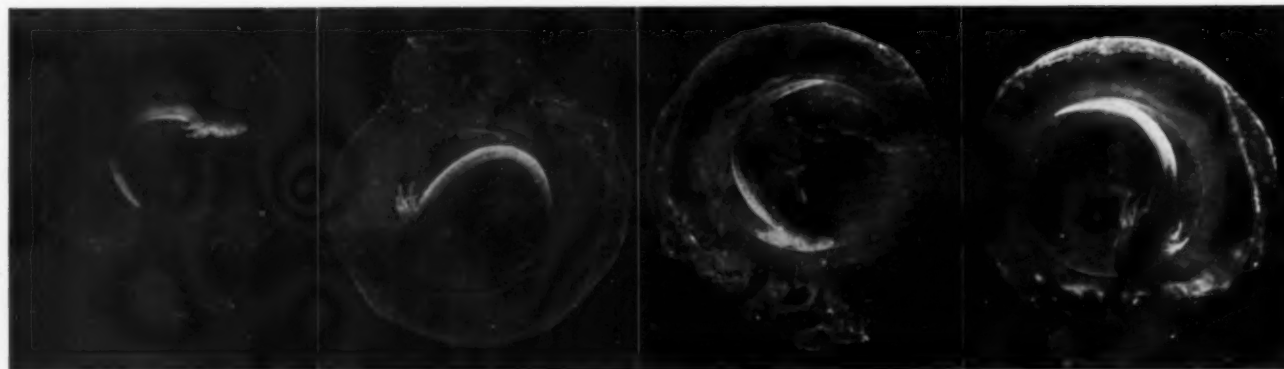
EIGHTH DAY.

NINTH DAY.

TENTH DAY

ELEVENTH DAY.

Further stages of development.



TWELFTH DAY

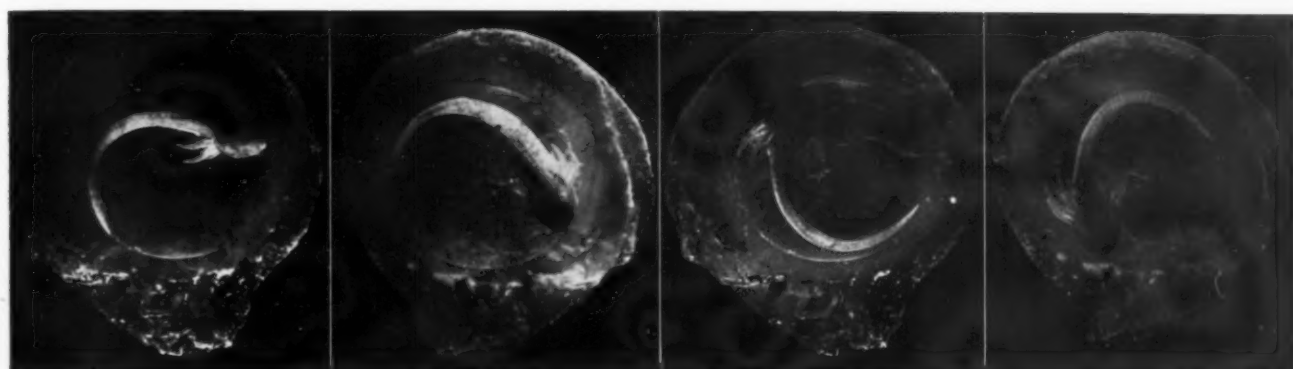
THIRTEENTH DAY.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Further stages of development.

MICROPHOTOGRAPHS OF AXOLOTL EGG IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.



SIXTEENTH DAY.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

NINETEENTH DAY.

Further stages of development.

one specimen received in Paris as far back as 1866. A fine pair of these albinos may be seen at the Covent Garden Conservatory, in the possession of Mr. Robert Green.

As I have already pointed out, the axolotl is only the larval or tadpole stage of the perfect *Amblystoma tigrinum*. It is difficult to obtain this metamorphosis with animals in captivity; but I believe it has been accomplished by allowing the water to gradually evaporate from the tank, and thus exposing to the air the once submerged rocks under which the axolotls hid. Mr. Bateman, in his work on "Fresh Water Aquaria," states that during this metamor-



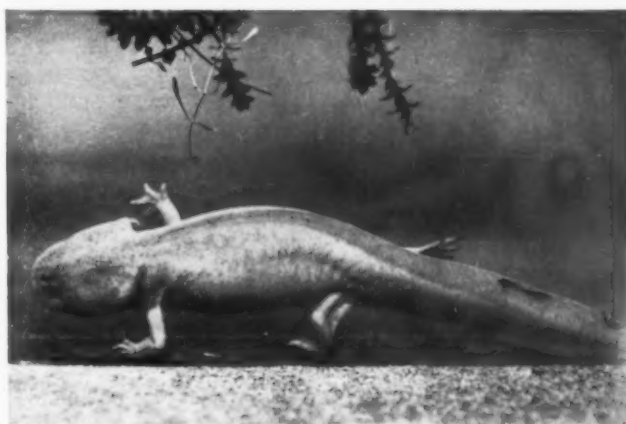
THE AXOLOTL EMERGES FROM THE EGG.

ages, and yellow spots come upon the skin. Finally, the animal will breathe entirely by means of its lungs, and leave the water altogether."

[Dr. Hutchinson's article, as will be evident, was written from his own experiment, but we thought it would be an interesting supplement to reproduce a series of photographs showing the *Amblystoma tigrinum* in its developed state as they were taken by Mr. Berridge at the Reptile House of the Zoological Gardens. The legends placed below show the development of the axolotl into the perfect *Amblystoma*. Thus is laid bare one of those curious little secrets of Nature which it takes so long to unravel. The life-history of the axolotl is of a singular description. It bears in its original state considerable resemblance to a fish and



A.—LIVING IN WATER AND BREATHING BY GILLS.



B.—THE GILLS REDUCED TO A FEW SMALL PROJECTIONS.

phosis "the gills of the axolotl gradually become absorbed until their openings are closed, and the large dorsal and caudal fins slowly disappear until the tail has assumed the appearance of that of the ordinary salamander; the toes lose their append-



C.—TRANSFORMED INTO A LAND-LIVING AND LUNG-BREATHING CREATURE.

breathes through fringed gills which protrude from the sides of the neck. This is its incomplete stage, and the most curious fact is that in this condition it has acquired the art of breeding, so that, as it were, there is no longer any necessity for its becoming adult; and it has done so on the occasions recorded only in answer to the stimulation devised by reptilian students.—ED.]

OLD-FASHIONED AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

TIMES have changed in agriculture, as in many other things, and at the present day we can hardly realise the difficulties that beset the farmer upwards of a century ago. Early spring was often a trying time for him, when his supplies of cattle food were apt

to become exhausted before the new grass appeared. There were then no turnips, mangolds, oil-cake, soya beans or similar foods to be procured, and he had sometimes great difficulty in keeping his cattle from starvation, especially in the late districts. It is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that in parts of Scotland the cattle were at times so weak in spring from want of food that they were unable to rise from their stalls when the new grass did come. The custom therefore arose for farmers in a neighbourhood to meet together and go from farm to farm for the purpose of carrying the helpless cattle out to the fields. This was termed the Cattle Lifting, a much more humane method of "cattle lifting" than that which used to prevail on the Borders.

In the wilder parts of Scotland, where gorse or furze was plentiful, the young shoots were often used in spring as a supplementary food for both cattle and horses. The shoots were cut down and then removed to the farm to be there crushed into a rough pulp which could be eaten by the cattle. It was eagerly devoured by them, and they thrive



A WHIN CHOPPING BLOCK.

upon it. Cows gave richer milk when they were supplied with crushed gorse, and the milk was free from unpleasant flavour, such as other green winter foods sometimes induce. Horses, too, relished the food, and it was amusing to see the careful way in which they lifted the pulp with their lips lest there should be some thorns still remaining among it. It was believed to be specially good for curing horses that were troubled with worms, and it is still occasionally used for this purpose.

Great faith was placed in the nutritive value of whin shoots, as the following comparative statement, quoted from an ancient manual, shows :

	Flesh-formers.	Fat-formers.
Furze ..	3'21%	9'38%
Clover Hay	4'27%	9'14%
Turnips (common)	1'80%	4'43%

WHIN BRUISER OR RAMMER.

Indeed, so popular did whin diet become, that fields, especially where the soil was dry and light, were set aside for the whin crop, the seeds being sown in drills in March, so that the shoots

became ready for use in the autumn of the following year. For several years in succession forage was obtained from the original crop. It was estimated that an acre would produce "2000 faggots of green two-year-old gorse, weighing 20 lbs. each"; and poor land produced a crop worth £16 an acre,



WHIN MILL AFTERWARDS USED TO CRUSH LIME.



WHEEL-SHAPED WHIN MILL.



A WHIN MILL WITH A STONE-FACED TROUGH.



ROLLER BELONGING TO A WHIN MILL.

while from better land even up to £40 an acre was obtained. "The sowing of whins for feeding of cattle," says an agriculturist, writing from London, on April 6th, 1725, "takes mightily about London now, . . . this improvement comes from Wales, where it has been practised these hundred years."

There were several methods employed for pulping the gorse. In small farms, where only a limited quantity was needed, the method usually adopted was to lay the young shoots on a flat stone or block of wood and hammer them with a mallet similar to that now used for driving in paling-posts. Sometimes one end of the mallet was fitted with iron blades for chopping the gorse, while the other end was flat for pounding it (Fig. 1). Otherwise a "rammer" or "bruiser" might be employed, an instrument consisting of a "shank of wood, 3 feet 8 inches in length, a bulged out part to give the instrument weight on being used, and a base which is contracted into a square, and shod with an iron shoe embracing parallel iron-cutters, 1 inch asunder and 3 inches deep, and sharpened at their lower edge" (Fig. 2). Regarding the use of this ponderous instrument, an Edinburgh agriculturist has written: "That horses will thrive on bruised whins or furze I had considerable experience in the winter of 1826, after the summer had burned up the straw of all sorts of grain on light soil. Old whins, growing in a fir plantation, supplied young shoots from 1 foot to 3 feet in height, which were cut by a field worker with a hook, and led to a steading, where it was bruised with a rammer. . . . Every man bruised, with this implement, as much furze in the morning, on a stone floor, in 20 minutes, as served his pair of horses for the

day. The horses relished the whins better than hay, and became remarkably fine in condition and coat. Machines to bruise or beat have been invented for the preparation of whins; but the simple rammer here represented, and used by hand, is better than any other for bruising young whins." Less frequently a flail, sometimes having its end strengthened with hoop-iron, was employed.

These methods, however, entailed too much manual labour where gorse was used in considerable quantity. In such case a gorse, furze or whin mill, as it was variously called in different districts, was utilised. The whin mill was built after one of two types; the most common consisted of a circular stone, shaped somewhat like a mill-stone, standing on edge, with approximately a diameter of four feet and a thickness of a foot (Fig. 3). In the centre of the stone a hole was cut, through which a shaft about fourteen feet long was fixed. One end of the shaft was attached to an iron pin firmly fixed into an earth-fast stone, and the other end was fitted with tackling to which a horse could be yoked (Figs. 4 and 5). The gorse shoots were then thrown into a circular trough or course, where they were crushed as the mill-stone slowly revolved (Fig. 5). The farmer occasionally stirred them up with a hay-fork and



STONE SETS ON WHICH THE ROLLER REVOLVED.

sprinkled them with water to facilitate the crushing process. Crushing went on for about a couple of hours, by which time the gorse was sufficiently pulped to be eaten by the cattle.

In the second type of mill another form of stone, shaped somewhat like a field-roller, was utilised (Fig. 6). This pattern was not so common as the wheel-shaped. The roller revolved on a flat circular course paved with stones, and had one end rather thicker than the other to enable it more readily to turn round the circle (Fig. 7).

In process of time these gorse mills gradually fell into disuse. True, we read of the invention of such machines as the "Whin, Gorse, or Furze Masticator," the properties of which, according to the "Illustrated Guide to Agriculture" (1879), were that furze was "cut up into short lengths by Revolving Knives, and is then passed between a pair of Masticating Rolls, which effectively reduce it to a soft pulpy condition, destroying all the prickles." But apparatus so mechanical and complicated does not concern us. Our interest is drawn rather to the old-fashioned primitive implements of the country-side. As the land became better populated, gorse became less plentiful and cattle food more abundant. The introduction of turnips, too, provided a plentiful supply of food in spring, when it had formerly been very scarce. Farmers, moreover, grudged the amount of labour entailed in preparing the gorse, and were not unwilling that the apparatus should fall into decay. But some of these mills



"BY MAN DISUSED AND NATURE GARLANDED."

are still to be seen in North-East Scotland in out-of-the-way places, on hillsides, and in districts where there is still much uncultivated ground. Few of them, however, are in working order; usually the shaft has disappeared, and only the huge stone remains (Fig. 8). In many cases those that are still

complete owed their preservation to their use for crushing lime, after they had ceased to be used for crushing whin. Even for this purpose, their day of usefulness is over, and it seems likely that in a short time their very existence will be almost forgotten.

JAMES RITCHIE.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS PLAY LONDON.

THE greatest match of the present season was played at Twickenham on Saturday. During the first few minutes the referee gave two free kicks against the home team, and Douglas Morkel scored a penalty goal from the second. So after twelve minutes' play the South Africans led by 3 points. Then London woke up, and put their minds into their foot-work; their pack showed the stuff they were made of, and not only held the Springbok forwards, but often defeated them. When the forwards hold their own the backs get their opportunity, and Poulton, Stoop and Davies were not slow to profit. But the South Africans nearly got in after their forwards had rushed the home defence; then London got away, and a clever dribble ended in a try, scored by Craven, which Stone converted. Our first photograph was taken at the breathless moment before the ball had crossed between the posts. After Pillman's return (he was injured at the



STONE CONVERTS LONDON'S FIRST TRY.

end of the first half) London got going, and a fine piece of combination led up to a second try, awarded to Craven, who repeated his successful dribbling tactics, backed up by the other forwards, and fed by Poulton and Brougham; again Stone converted. At first the home team continued to press, and it seemed that they must score, but the Springboks kept them out. Then the South Africans began to attack again. One effort was wasted through faulty passing; another ended in a try to W. H. Morkel; D. Morkel converted. The South Africans only wanted 3 points to win. It was ten minutes to time, and their superior condition and better training told in their favour; they seemed quite fresh. The home team were obviously done up, but their defence was cool and skilful. Millett saved splendidly, and Morkel just failed by a foot to score a goal from a free kick in a very difficult position. Time was blown, and London had won by the narrowest of margins.



LONDON TAKE THE GAME INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.



THE SPRINGBOKS BREAKAWAY.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY
OLIVE CLINCH.



SPRING had come; the sun shone brightly, and the air was mild and pleasant. Even in the city the joyful season made itself felt; the streets looked

wider and cleaner, the throngs of women who passed to and fro more gaily dressed. At the edge of the pavements, men and women were selling daffodils and violets, and many a fashionable lady stopped before a humbler sister and purchased bunches of the beautiful flowers.

"Violets!—penny a bunch," sang a girlish voice, and a slender figure in a scanty, ragged frock joined the group of flower-sellers in the gutter. She was scarcely more than sixteen, tall and graceful for her years, with a thin brown face and wistful grey eyes. With quick, nervous fingers she pushed back the hair that the wind had blown across her face, and, brushing away the tears that trembled on her long lashes, began to arrange her flowers. It was her first day; she had never sold flowers before, and she felt eager and excited at the prospect of earning some money.

"Violets! penny a bunch."

But the passing crowd did not heed her gentle voice. Her face was fresh, her manner quiet and retiring.

"I never buy flowers of anyone I don't know," said one lady to another.

The traffic rolled by and the day slowly advanced. Poor Marie! Her heart began to sink, the eager look faded from her face. Her basket was heavy and weighed down her slender shoulders and made her back ache. Evidently no one wanted to buy her violets. It was hard, she thought, and again the tears rose unbidden to her eyes. "And mine are very sweet and fresh," she murmured, gazing lovingly at the little purple bunches, "but the sun will soon wither them."

Suddenly her heart leapt up, for a young man was hesitating in front of her, looking at her violets. He was a gentleman, there was no doubt about that, and a very handsome one too, with a somewhat careless, cynical face, and dark hair and eyes.

She looked up shyly. "Will you have a bunch, sir?" she asked as she held out her flowers. "They are beautifully fresh," she added.

"Yes," he said, indifferently, "they look all right. But I do not really want any. Oh! yes, though, you might give me one—no, two."

She selected the two biggest and freshest, and handed them to him, and he, putting his hand in his pocket, drew out sixpence and dropped it into her hand, then turned away.

"Your change, sir," she called out after him, but he did not hear, for he took no notice.

Marie would have run after him, but one of the women at her side burst into a mocking laugh and cried out, "Don't be a fool! He don't want no change; take it while you can!"

Marie turned on her indignantly. "How can you be so dishonest?" she exclaimed, then she checked herself and turned her head away lest she should be tempted to quarrel with the woman.

Her first customer! She looked at the little silver coin with shining eyes. Had he really meant her to keep it, and was it really her own? What a fine gentleman he was, and Marie found herself wondering who he was and whether she should see him again. Then suddenly she laughed, and showed two rows of pearly teeth.

"How foolish I am," she thought; "but," she added, "selling flowers is nicer than I thought."

By evening time all her flowers were sold, and, tired and hungry, she made her way back to her poor home.

"Daddy!" she said, as she pushed open the door, "Daddy, dear, see what a lot of money I have got."

The feeble old man, crouching in an armchair, greeted her with a smile. "That's right, girlie," he said. She was the only one he had in the whole world, and he was so crippled that he was entirely dependent upon her. After their frugal meal was over, Marie went round to his side, and, perching herself on the arm of his chair, told him all that had happened during the day.

The next morning found her at her place again, her basket well filled with flowers. "Violets! penny a bunch." The girlish

voice was louder now and more confident, and she held her head higher.

Ah! there he was at last. But he was walking quickly, and did not look her way. Marie left her basket and ran after him. "Please, sir," she began timidly, laying a small, brown hand on his coat-sleeve.

He turned round with a quick frown, for he was in a hurry and hated to be detained.

"Your change, sir," she went on; "you forgot it yesterday."

"My change? I don't understand."

"Why, sir, you bought two penny bunches of violets from me yesterday and you gave me sixpence."

"Oh! yes, I remember. Thanks! You needn't have troubled though."

Marie fancied his dark eyes half smiled at her, and her foolish heart beat high with happiness. She watched him walk on and mingle with the crowd, and she thought how tall and straight he looked, how upright, how far above the other people who jostled along the pavements, and she went back to her work with a proud, glad little smile on her lips.

"He's just the most splendid gentleman in the whole world," she whispered to herself.

After that, every morning when he passed, he looked at her and smiled a "Good-morning." Marie soon got to know the exact time he passed, and wild horses would not have dragged her from her place before the clock close by struck ten.

Once, just as he was passing her, he met a young lady, most beautifully dressed, and Marie, with jealous eyes, noted the sudden brightening of his face as he shook hands. He quite forgot her, the poor little flower-girl, and together the two walked away, he with eager eyes, she with soft, sidelong glances up into his face. Marie instantly felt that she hated her. "Nasty, horrid flirt!" she muttered angrily, and her heart felt very sore.

She did not see the girl again for a long time, but her hero, whose name she had found out was Ronald Sinclair, came each morning as usual. Sometimes he remembered to say "Good-morning," and sometimes he did not.

One morning he stopped and bought some violets. Even if Marie had not been interested in him, she could hardly have failed to notice the expression on his face. He was just like a delighted schoolboy.

"I am the luckiest fellow in creation," he said, as if he could no longer keep his joy to himself. "The most beautiful girl in the world has promised to marry me."

"The one I saw you with the other morning, sir?" questioned Marie, timidly.

"Yes; that's the one." He wondered at himself talking to a little flower-seller, but Marie's face looked so sweetly sympathetic, and she was so modest, that he felt compelled to speak to her.

"I hope you will be happy, sir," she said, earnestly, to which he replied, "I am sure I shall be!"

And then one day there came a storm. The lovers quarrelled, Marie knew what had happened the moment she saw him in the morning. She was miserable all day thinking of his trouble, and yet, in her innermost heart, she felt glad, because, as she told herself, the girl was not worthy of him. She did not know that the quarrel had been more serious than lovers' quarrels usually are. Phyllis was very proud and they were both hot-tempered. "I never want to see you again!" she told him, and at the time she imagined that she meant what she said.

"Very well!" he had answered, "then you shall not. I am not likely to trouble you any more." Then he left her.

I don't remember what the quarrel was about, and I don't think they did, either; it was such a trivial thing. But they had both made up their minds that they would not be the first to acknowledge the foolishness of it. Ronald took it more seriously than he should have done, I suppose, for a few days later, when he was offered a good post abroad, he determined to accept it and leave England for ever. He wrote to Phyllis telling her so, and in reply she, too proud to ask him not to go, sent back his letters and presents and ring. It was one evening about a week later when Marie, busily engaged in tying up her flowers into

bunches, saw Phyllis Reeve pass, stop and then come back to where she was standing.

"What does she want, I wonder?" thought the girl to herself.

"Excuse me," began Phyllis, in her sweet voice, "do you know Mr. Sinclair?" Then she added, quickly, "That is, I mean to say, has he not sometimes bought flowers from you?"

"Yes," returned Marie, shortly. "Why?"

"I expect you think that I have no right to question you," said Phyllis, "but I want to ask a favour of you."

Marie's face did not look very promising, but nevertheless the girl went on, "I want you to take a message to him. Will you?"

"No, I won't!" Marie replied, bluntly. "You have spoilt his life for him as it is; you sha'n't play with him." She had forgotten everything but her indignation at the conduct of this beautiful girl whom Ronald had loved so much.

"Oh!" said Phyllis, reddening, "you do not understand."

"I understand quite well enough to know that you are not to be trusted."

"Let me tell you why I want to send a message," Phyllis interrupted. "As I expect you have guessed, we quarrelled." Marie nodded. "And then I told him that I did not want to have anything more to do with him, and he thought I meant it. Well, now he is going away, and if he goes he will not come back any more—"

"Well?"

"I cannot let him go, because—I love him."

"Why don't you write and tell him so?"

"I cannot; it is too late. He sails to-day at two o'clock. A letter would not reach him in time. A telegram would not be any good, I am sure. I want you, if you would be so good, to take a message to him, asking him not to go."

"I can't," Marie shook her head. She had not realised that she was to lose him so soon. In the midst of her pain she felt rather amused to see this fine lady pleading with her.

"Do, please! Oh! how can I persuade you?" She glanced round for an inspiration. "Take it, because I love him, and I shall die if I lose him."

Still Marie refused. Then Phyllis caught at a straw. "For the sake of his love," she said, watching Marie's face. "Because he loves me, and because he will suffer as much as I shall. Will you?"

"Very well. Where is it? Give it to me quick! Where shall I take it to?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear," said Phyllis, her eyes full of tears. "God bless you!" and she handed Marie a little note.

Marie stood looking at her for a moment after she had received instructions. "It is only for his sake that I do it," she said. "If he comes back to you, you must treat him better."

"I will," fervently returned the other.

"See here," said Marie, pulling out a beautiful bunch of violets as she spoke, "I will fasten your note to this bunch; he will remember how often he has bought you these flowers, and the remembrance will soften him. He is very fond of violets, and he will remember that you are too. Now I will go; I have not much time. Good-bye!" and she darted away, leaving everything as it was—her basket in the gutter, and Phyllis staring after her with startled eyes.

Away she ran as fast as she could, until she had to pause to get breath. She would have taken a tram, only she had no money, and she was too proud to ask Phyllis for any, so she had to walk. She reached the docks a little before two.

Ronald was just going on deck when a voice behind him called out, "Mr. Sinclair! stay one minute," and turning round he saw a girl with soft grey eyes come panting up to him.

"What on earth—?" he began in bewilderment, when he recognised Marie.

For answer she held out the bunch of flowers. "Look inside," she gasped, breathlessly, and she waited while he read the note. Her heart was beating painfully, and she could scarcely draw breath. Her long run had so exhausted her that she could hardly stand, and Ronald looked up just in time to catch her as she fell fainting into his arms.

"Poor child!" he muttered, pityingly, as he carried her off the ship. Her long lashes lay motionless on her cheeks—how thin she was! "Poor child!" he murmured again. Then she stirred in his arms and opened her eyes. "You will forgive her?" she questioned, feebly.

"It is she who must forgive me," he answered. "Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, thank you," she assured him, "quite all right now." She managed to stand up alone, and she smiled up bravely into his face. "Are you going back to her now? Take care of her, won't you, and be good to her? I am going now. Will you shake hands with me?"

Ronald held out his hand. "But you must not go yet," he said.

She only laughed for an answer. She held his hand for a moment, then suddenly she bent down and kissed it. Then before Ronald could stop her she was gone again.

ALGONQUIN SONGS AND LEGENDS.—II.

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"THE Passamaquoddies, like their other Algon kindred," says Professor Prince, "were firm believers in the almost unlimited power of their wizards, belief in the existence of many of whom still remains, subordinate, of course, to the Catholic doctrine, which nearly all the Indians profess—there being, I am informed, only three or four Protestant Passamaquoddy families."

The most interesting and curious of these sorcery tales relate the strange companionship between the squaws and serpents (generally a wizard disguised), the power of the magicians to sink into the hard ground—a phenomenon characteristically American, according to Prince—and the use of telepathy, or communicating with one another at great distances by thought. The other tales are of the usual animistic kind—giants, spirits in lake and tree and mountain, and demons in snow and wind and tempest.

A characteristic song of a squaw and a snake may be given; it is typical of many others: "In the North, dwelt by a great fair lake, an Indian and his wife, a very beautiful woman given to strange, wild dreams; passion was in her blood." Thus it begins, and goes on to relate how she "saw one day through the ice a pair of wonderful eyes gazing at her with such power that they charmed her. Glittering all over with shining silvery plates, the owner of the eyes slid out upon the shore, announcing himself as Atosis, King of all the Serpents."

Little she cared for his nature,
She talked with him of love,
She returned his fond embraces;
Every day she came to meet him,
And often in the night—

until her husband noticed her frequent absences, and asked her where she went. "To get fresh air," was the ingenuous, but hardly satisfactory reply. Saying that he was going away for three days' hunting, he returned unexpectedly on the second, and found the wigwam empty. As he sat, rekindling the fire, she entered. He enquired point-blank where she got the "bright, shining silver scales," and she replied, "My silver brooches." On the following day he went hunting again, but this time concealed himself and watched the wigwam from the forest. He saw his wife fall into Atosis' arms:

The husband in awe and anger
Went forth to other people,
And left his wife for ever.

Her parents, however, came "to enquire," and found that she had given birth to offspring—serpents. "Do not return," she said, "till the ice is here in winter. When you come again you will see me, but never know me."

Years after, three Indian hunters,
Who had heard this wondrous story,
Sought by the lake for the wigwam.
It was standing still, but empty,
And all the wood about it
Was full of great black serpents
Which from the grass uprising,
Would look them in the face,
Then glide away in silence.

A characteristic, though hardly a pretty song! One that is less sinister tells of the little Indian boy who was kidnapped by a bear, though it contains a modern touch, introduced later, of course, about a rifle. Some Indians, living by a lake, went hunting moose, "the wary moose," and left the children behind in camp, "as is the Indian way," and a boy, who could barely walk, crawled away into the bush and got lost. "When morning dawned he thought he saw his mother drawing near, and, rushing to her side, he held her fast in firm embrace. This was a she bear, shaggy, great and strong as oxen twain. She seized the lad, and bore him off, and fed him in her den," and the search party failed to find him, so that he "all winter long the baby lay, warmed by the sleeping bear."

He ran away, but soon was caught and to his kind restored,
But during many years that lad was wild as any bear!

There is humour in the tale of a wizard and a Christian priest who were taken captive in an attack by Mohawks and forced to walk on hemlock coals as the most torturing death that could be devised. The priest was sent on first, whereupon the wizard, resorting to his magic arts, sprang in ahead of him, laughing, "and danced and danced, until his feet did fry, and sizzle hot like bacon in a pan," yet without a sign of discomfort or pain. The Mohawks fled in awe. Then the priest said to the wizard:

"O my son,
Thou shouldst repent and turn thee from thine art
Unto God's ways, and ever keep the faith."
Then quoth the Wizard laughing: "Father mine,
Had I repented and eschewed mine art,
Then were we both of us dead men this day!"

Prince also gives one or two short tales that various Indians chanted to him on a moose-hunting expedition. I well remember hunting moose with Prince, and how his interest in the Redskins was so keen that he would turn aside, forgetting the game altogether, and hold conversations with Indians encountered on the way:

"When I was fifteen years I saw a man
Who had become a demon of the wood,
A Mikumwess with power to change his size,
And art to sink into the rocky soil
Up to his ankle-joints or knees, as though 'twere sand.
I saw myself the tracks where he had sunk
Into a soil all full of rocks and roots."

Another Indian claimed telepathic powers for a member of his family as follows:

"My father was a wizard and had power
To call unto his partner miles away.
I've often heard him singing in the night,
All low and weird, and when the morning dawned,
He'd tell me what his partner's luck had been.
I never knew his magic skill to fail."

A third refers to the very rare practice of wizards eating one another in order to absorb into themselves double magic power:

"My brother told me, many years ago,
Some wizards had a quarrel, and they slew
One of their number, took his corpse away,
And ate it on the isle of Grand Manan,
Sitting upon a ledge above the sea."

The main body of legends, from which these songs of love and sorcery have been taken, deal with the doings of Kuloskop, the Master, Lord of Beasts and Men, who was the culture-hero of the entire Algonquin family, a sort of Hiawatha. Kuloskop was a god-man of truly Indian type, at once the creator and the friend of man. The name means "liar," yet was meant as a compliment. "He is called the deceiver," explains Prince, "not because he deceives or injures man, but because he is clever enough to lead his enemies astray—the highest possible virtue to the early American mind." These legends were all written out, or spoken by friendly Indians to Leland and Prince, and they tell in quaint, vividly descriptive language the achievements of Kuloskop for the good of these red children whom he dearly loved. He was, of course, a wizard-in-chief, and it is interesting to note the numerous points the system has in common with other cosmologies—the world covered with a flood, Kuloskop's retiring into the wilderness when he wanted to increase his power by prayer and fasting, and how he finally rose to his giant wigwam in the sky, where his children may always reach him in prayer, and whence he watches over the world. Having created men out of an ash tree, he next created the animals and named them, asking each in turn what it would do if it met an Indian, and, according to their answers, making

them smaller, gentler, less dangerous. The rattlesnakes were originally Redskins who mocked at his prophecy of a flood and shook their rattles at him in defiance—turtle-shells with pebbles in them; he made the loons his messengers, hence their strange human cry before they dive; he tied one wing of Wuchosen, the great Eagle, because its two wings together made the winds dangerous; and he met all the sorcerers on their own ground and beat them easily at their own diabolical games; Winpe, a kind of miniature Satan, he killed at a single stroke of his giant bow. The tracings on birch bark illustrating the first article show some of these heroic deeds. His leaving the world was caused by his disgust at human wickedness:

All were in turn ungrateful,
And, while they feared the Master,
Grew every day more wicked,
Forgetting him in their hearts;
And sin roared in the land.

He invited everybody, men and beasts, to a great feast, whereat he himself kept "grim and solemn silence." Then they knew:

All knew that the Chief was going,
And knew, too, why he would leave them.

Like Hiawatha, he entered his great stone canoe (it was first an island) and sailed away until he was lost to view. And a wonder came to pass then, for "all the beasts, who, before, had spoken but one common language, now talked in different tongues; each with a tongue of his own understood the others no more. So they parted from one another, and fled into the forest; and, since that day of parting, they have never met in council, and never again will meet till the day when all sins and sorrows will be in full forgiven, forgiven and forgotten, and their Lord, the great Kuloskop, shall return to restore his children to the age of sunshine and plenty, in joy and peace forever." Alone, the great white Snowy Owl, who most had loved him, went far into the North, where it sings to this day, "I am sorry, I am sorry," and the loons, his messengers, go "ever wailing, wailing sadly, because they cannot find him."

Of all his heroic doings, however, the tenderest, and the most true to life, is the description of the only defeat he ever experienced—by the Baby. Its humour is delicious. The Baby met his direst spells and his most bewitching songs with "Goo! Goo!" "Back smiled the Baby, but it did not budge."

Now to this very day, when'er you see
A baby well contented, crying "Goo!"
Or crowing in this style, know that it is
Because he then remembers in great joy
How he in strife, all in the olden time,
Did overcome the Master, conqueror
Of all the world. For that, of creatures all,
Or beings which on earth have ever been
Since the beginning, Baby is alone
The never yielding, and invincible.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FARNE ISLANDS.—II.

THERE is much of romance, apart from the birds, bound up in this little group of islands. From the point of view of an island, considered as an island, the Inner Farnes, with its adjacent tern colony, offers the most attractions. The tall basaltic cliffs at the far end, and the outcrop of boulder-clay which lends itself to cultivation on the northern slope, form a fine contrast. It was here that St. Cuthbert chose to seclude himself for seven years, so walled round that he could only see the sky. Surely he would have learnt more of God from the beautiful terns; but perhaps he did watch them, and only ran to ground in his rock shelter when the Lindisfarne monks came over and worried him. All the great religious souls have been bird-lovers, and he cannot have been wholly oblivious to their charms, for to this day the eider-ducks are called "Culverts," or "Culvert's ducks," after St. Cuthbert, and nowhere on the mainland are they so tame. If so minded, you may sit beside a brooding eider-duck and occasionally stroke her beautiful mottled plumage; she will only utter a short grunt in response. This

duck is frightfully behind the times and out of date, for she ungrudgingly takes upon herself the entire upbringing of the



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ST. CUTHBERT'S CHICKEN
An eider duck on her nest.

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family, while the gorgeous drakes form clubs and sun themselves on the rocks at low tide, or disport themselves in the water. At any rate, they have all the fun while the ducks do the work. As soon as the downy black ducklings are hatched, the old bird becomes exceedingly shy and wary. Within a few hours of their birth, the young are gently lured down to the sea. It is most amusing to watch their first frantic efforts at overcoming obstacles; for though the old eider selects the easiest path for the descent, the young ones often meet with—to them—precipitous cliffs, down which they tumble head over heels, as a matter of course, while the mother goes ahead and waits, uttering a warning or encouraging croak, as the case may be, and in this manner gradually entices them into the water. The eider is very keen-sighted. One morning I sheltered in the old tower on the Inner Farne, and from a window rather

a sailor—my luck changed, the weather broke, raging seas kept me at home, and from the castle battlements we could watch the distant angry "churn" boiling up as if the saint himself protested against my error. On such days, while we kicked our heels in comfort and safety, our thoughts often flew to the lonely lighthouse men and the faithful bird-watchers (whose post is no sinecure) on those distant, desolate isles, whose courtesy and kindness will always be a pleasant memory.

In bad weather, when the whole force of a North Sea gale breaks upon the rocks, it seems a mystery that nesting birds can withstand it. Especially is this the case with the guillemots which inhabit three detached basaltic rocks, forty feet above sea-level, known as The Pinnacles. The days when I watched these birds were perfect, and the sound of their mingled voices could be heard far off, like the sullen murmur of an angry crowd. The Pinnacles, with their immense population, possessed a great fascination for me. Talk about overcrowding, Socialism, co-operative guilds and the State rearing of children, this one stack of rocks seemed to be the very incarnation of all these vexed questions, and the inhabitants apparently spent every moment of daylight discussing such burning topics at the tops of their voices, each individual pouring forth her views—I suspect they were all feminine—at the same time. If only one could have had Canace's magic ring and have understood

The tongue and speech of every fowl that flies,

would the babel of conversation have thrown any light upon our vexed questions? After all, perhaps they were merely discussing the variable colours of their eggs, or the respective merits of their chicks, or Farne Island scandal! Viewed from the nearest point on Staple Isle there did not seem to be room for one more bird in the vast crowd, yet now and again a fresh arrival hovered over the assembly for a few seconds, then dropped into the midst of the densely-packed colony and found a place for itself. One supposes that each individual knows its own egg, but sometimes the outside birds were pushed off in the commotion caused by these new arrivals struggling into their places; but, as far as I could judge, some of the outside birds had no eggs, and seemed merely to be keeping the other birds warm! Now and again some faithful mate arrived with a fish. It seemed clever of him to know his own wife, and the courage shown in selecting a spot beside her while the fish was transferred to her bill must have been great indeed when he had to run the gauntlet of all those tongues! There



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CORMORANTS ON THE MEGSTONE ROCK.

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high up watched a little family of young ones taking their first plunge in a shallow pool, some distance off. The old bird squatted on a rock while the youngsters thoroughly enjoyed themselves. But when I raised my field-glasses, a slight movement one would not have thought discernible through the rain-splashed window, she immediately stood up, uttering her peculiar warning croak, and in a few seconds the whole party had vanished.

There are many shallow pools on the tops of the Inner Farne rocks, especially in the vicinity of what is known as "St. Cuthbert's Churn." During rough weather, the sea rushes up a narrow gully and, finding no outlet, is forced upwards, so that the water forms a column which rises to a considerable height. When this occurs there is no possibility of landing, and after I had done the unpardonable thing and introduced a china pig into the castle—a pig being unlucky in the eyes of

was less talking but a considerable amount of fun going on at the base of The Pinnacles, where scores of guillemots were floating about on the water. One day we rowed in and out among them, and finally anchored the boat in their midst. But as there is always a heavy swell round the rocks, successful photography was not easy. The guillemots were very inquisitive, and swam up to within a few feet of the boat, but at the slightest movement they would turn tail and scuttle off, or else dive into the depths. They looked very beautiful in the clear sea, and underwent an immediate transformation. They might have been curious sea creatures and not birds at all, so entirely was their outline changed by refraction; "impressionist" birds of a glorious blue, like huge undefined kingfishers, instead of the sober-coloured, clear-outlined guillemots swimming all round us. Each strong movement of the wings and feet under water left a string of translucent bubbles



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CORMORANTS.

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behind it, like a necklace of opals. I cannot say that I found the cormorants particularly attractive; at any rate, the waiting by their empty nests was not the most enjoyable of experiences, for the vicinity of a cormorant colony is not the most salubrious of places. Nevertheless, the quaint attitudes they assume when brooding and their leisurely, graceful flight are both attractive. How they ever manage to rear their young on the edge of a large colony of lesser black-backs is a mystery, for the latter birds pounce upon the cormorants' eggs if their owners leave them only for a few minutes! But by far the greater number of cormorants prefer isolated rocks where they are more or less alone. They are much more shy than any of the other natives, and never seem to be paying any attention to the business in hand, but sit bolt upright on their eggs, gazing out to sea in a dreamy, preoccupied manner, occasionally throwing back their heads and with wide-open bill giving vent to a long-drawn cry like that of a lost spirit. It is not to be wondered at that our superstitious forefathers were thrilled by the wild, weird cries of the multitudes of seafowl breeding on these islands. When St. Cuthbert went to live at Farne, it was, according to Bede, "Infested by evil spirits, very ill-suited for human habitation; but it became in all respects habitable at the desire of the man of God, for upon his arrival the wicked spirits withdrew." It must have been close contact with Nature during his lonely seven years that produced in the Saint "such a brightness in his angelic face that no man present presumed to conceal from him the most hidden secrets of his heart." St. Cuthbert was no indoor saint who remained all the time within walls; he had to cultivate the crops upon which he lived. And legend and tradition say that of all the saints he was most familiar with wild birds. He fed them by day and listened at night to their wailing cries; and all day long round the home of the hermit would wheel the graceful terns.

As we approached the somewhat circumscribed area inhabited by Sandwich and Arctic terns the air seemed suddenly transformed into a whirling snowdrift of dazzling brilliancy, bewildering in its living intensity, as hundreds of these birds rose with wild cries. It is impossible to describe the beauty of this sight, which must be seen in order to be realised. So thickly

populated was this small tract of shingle, we found it extremely difficult to avoid treading on eggs and young. Though rising into the air in a vast flock at the faintest alarm, terns soon settle down again, and if the onlooker remains motionless the eddying snowflakes subside, and peace reigns where a few minutes before there had been a riot of sound. Not that terns are silent even when contentedly incubating; mate answers mate, and a sudden cry from a bird overhead will be answered by one of the many patiently brooding on the ground; then, too, derelict babies, fluffy balls temporarily flattened into invisibility, come out from behind sheltering stones and seek the protection of their parents, or run about calling to their contemporaries and generally "seeing life." Yet in spite of their strong social instincts, individuality is maintained, for terns can be very pugnacious and unneighbourly, resenting any encroachment upon their few inches of territory, while a confused youngster who inadvertently takes refuge with the wrong parent is rapidly disillusioned and moved on.

During our journey to and fro we never tired of watching the crowds of gulls and terns intent on following a shoal of fish. The confused mass of struggling birds immediately over the surface-swimming small fry; the play of light upon the brilliant



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ARCTIC TERN BROODING AND WATCHING.

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SANDWICH TERNS AND A FEW ARCTIC TERNS.

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grey and white plumage of those tumbling and twisting in mid-air, or suddenly plunging headlong into the sea, spearing their prey with unerring accuracy; the clamour of their hunting chorus, which would follow us across the water

till the birds themselves dwindled into mere specks — all these sights and sounds are safely stored away in one's memory, to be reproduced at will on dull days.

E. L. TURNER.



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THE WAY SANDWICH TERNS RISE IN FLIGHT AND ALIGHT

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BIRDS, BREEZE AND BRINE.

E. L. Turner.



MIDMAR and Barra Castles are both interesting examples of Northern Scottish defensive mansions, and so notably diverse in treatment that they may well be considered together and contrasted. Midmar is the more imposing of the two. It is built on the keep plan, which stands out clearly despite accretions in the eighteenth century. The original house consisted of three towers set diagonally in a row. That on the south-east is round and the other two are square. The round tower is no less than six storeys in height. Standing as it does on the north side of the Hill of Fare, it looks out over the battlefield on which the Earl of Huntly lost his life in an unsuccessful rising against Mary Queen of Scots. Of the first building of the castle there is no definite record; but if tradition may be believed, the stronghold was founded by Sir William Wallace as a hunting seat for his friend Sir Thomas Longavale. In 1368 the lands of Midmar, so called from being midway in the Mar, or black forest, between Don and Dee, belonged to the Brounes, and George Broune, Bishop of Dunkeld in 1484, was grandson of a laird of Midmar. Since then lands and castle have changed hands often, and with them their name, which has been variously Ballogie and Grantsfield. The castle is now the property of Lady Cathcart, and Professor Griffith lives there. In the main the building is of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

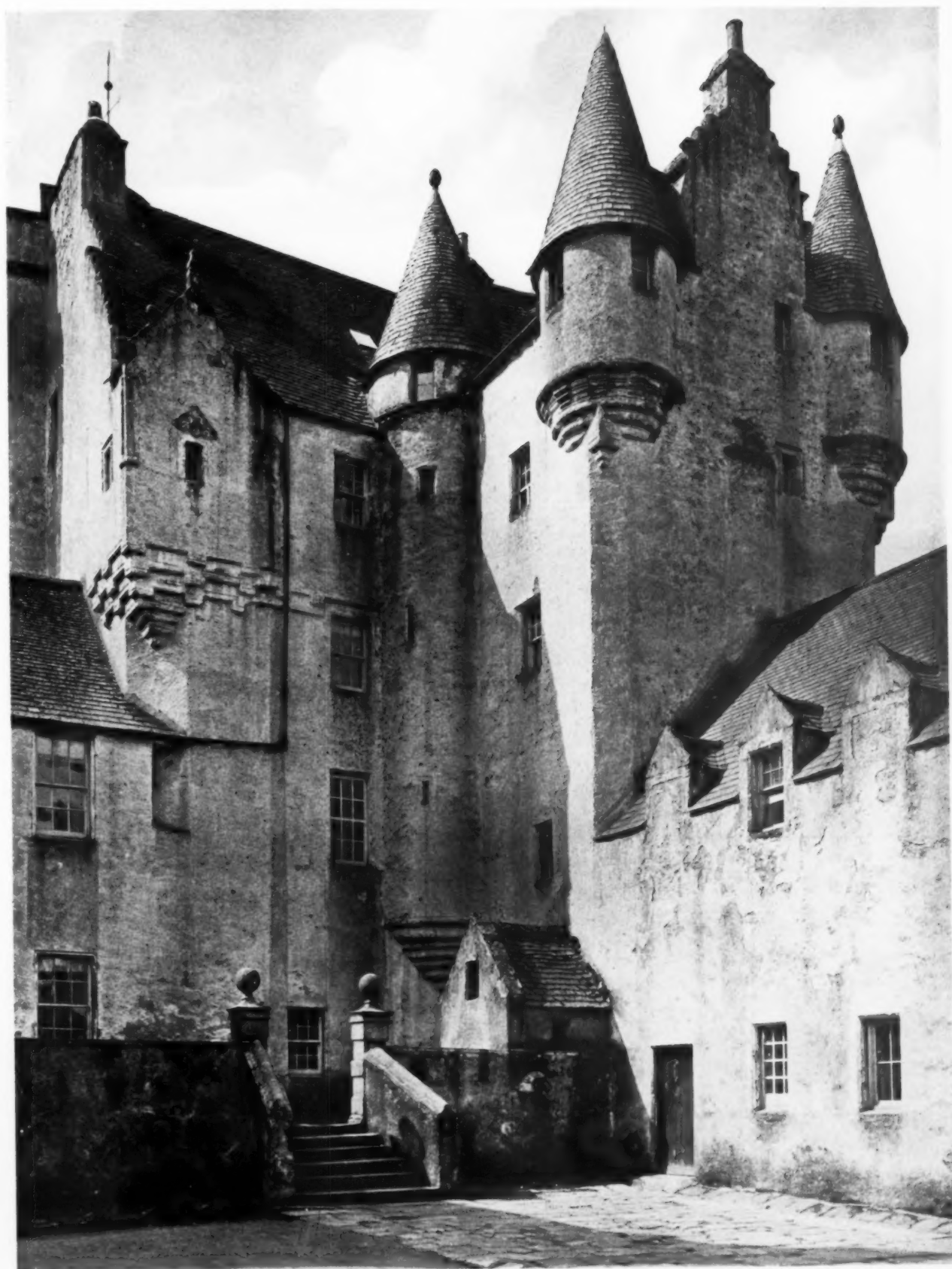
W. F. Skene went so far as to attribute the mason-work to George Bel, a craftsman who died in 1575, but he gave no authority to support his view.

Be that as it may, the pink granite, now disintegrating where it is much weathered, is a delightful material, but it is veiled nearly everywhere by the rough harling which is the usual treatment of such castles. The raised terrace on the north side with its stairway and ball-topped piers is said to have been added during the ownership of a Grant of Castle Grant, who doubtless also built the north-west wing. The interior has suffered considerably. There is some good eighteenth century panelling in the drawing-room, but the bedroom which tradition says Queen Mary occupied before the battle of Corrichie has no decorative feature of her day.

In the garden there remains a delightful bee-press of stone, and it is from this level of the garden that we can well see, as in our first picture, the general grouping of the towers and the rich corbelling of the turrets.

The plain gabled building in the foreground is a nineteenth century addition. The architecture of Midmar has not escaped record, for Mr. Washington Browne measured the castle for his Pugin Studentship drawings, and Mr. Gilbert Ramsay has gone over the same ground since in the plans which he has kindly allowed us to reproduce.

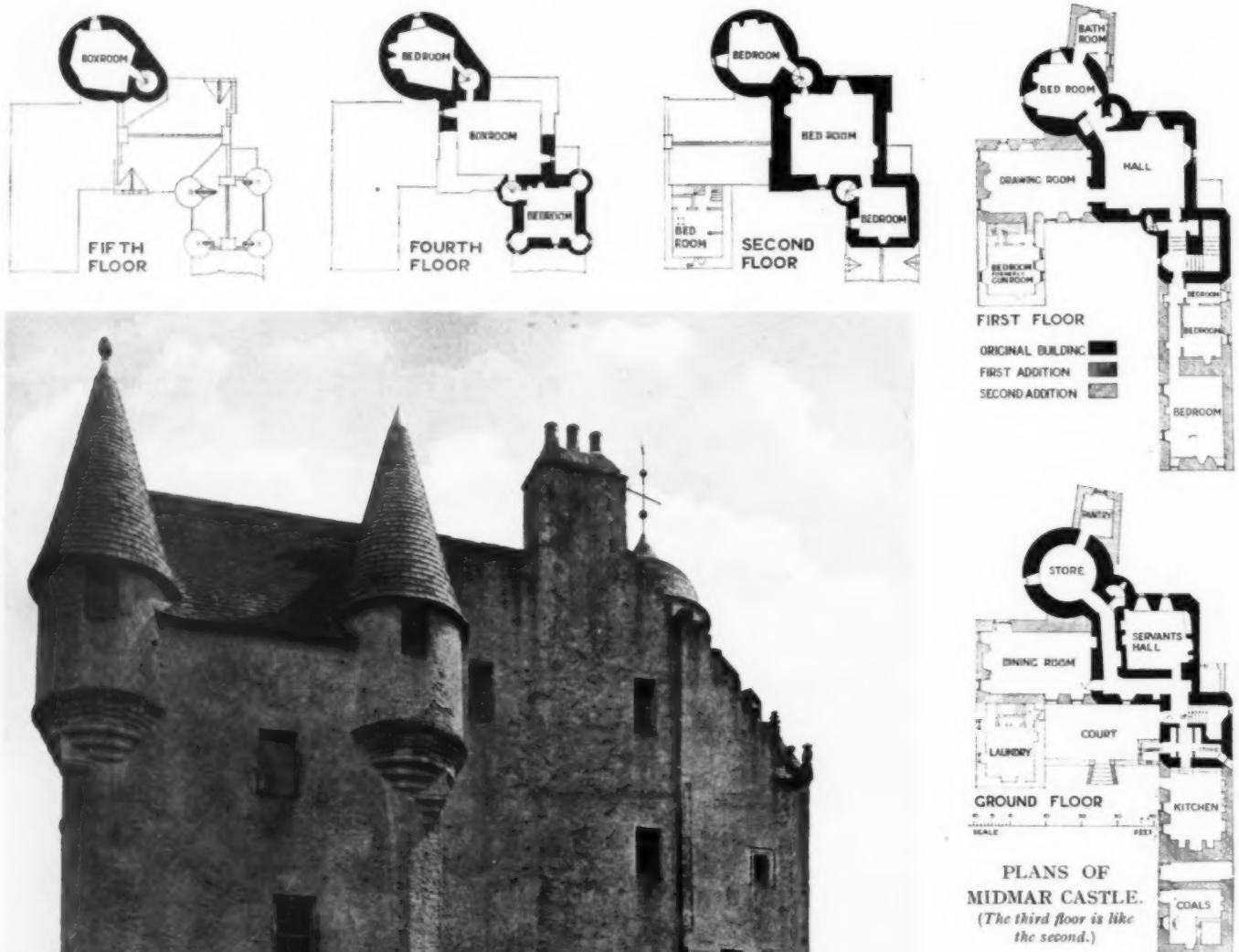




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ENTRANCE AND NORTH-WEST TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MIDMAR CASTLE FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Barra Castle is not more fortunate than Midmar, there is no definite records of its building, but our guesswork can be confined within narrower limits. The lands of Barra, in the Garioch district of Aberdeenshire, were the scene in 1307 (or 1308, the year is not certain) of the battle in which Robert Bruce overthrew the power of the Comyns. Near the castle is a piece of ground still known as "the King's field." Legend says that the King stayed at Barra Castle, but it is doubtful if one existed at so early a date. It is not until about a century later that the Blackhalls and Kyngs were established there. There were two families of the name of Blackhall, one "of that ilk," i.e., of Blackhall, and the other of Barra. It may be worth while to say about those ill-used words, "of that ilk," that they are rightly employed only in describing families who bore the same name as their estates. It seems likely that the minor aristocracy

of Scotland, such as the Blackhalls, took their names from lands already so called, and did not confer their names on the lands. Of the manor house or castle of Blackhall no trace exists, and the Blackhalls of Barra, who were originally no doubt the junior branch, had become the more important family by the end of the sixteenth century. In 1590 Alexander Blackhall of that ilk sold his share of the Blackhall estate (the "sunny half") and honours to his kinsman, another Alexander of Barra, whose forbears had intermarried with the Burnets of Leys. These honours included the office of Coroner and Forester of the Garioch, which thus became attached to Alexander Blackhall of that ilk and Barra. At the end of the

sixteenth century James VI. was at his wits' end for money, and conceived the fatuous idea of plundering the men who were ever the stoutest supporters of the Crown—the landowners. Succeeding civil disorders, with the forfeitures and outlawries that they brought in their train, had left in a doubtful validity the title to many estates. The King's eight advisers, the "Octavians," began to fish in the troubled waters, and raised objections to many ownerships where it could not be shown that every legal jot and tittle had been observed. In 1598 the Blackhalls were dispossessed not only of their share of Barra, which was granted to George Seton of Meldrum, Chancellor of Aberdeen, but also of their Blackhall lands, which, however, they recovered later. At the same time, the Kyngs who had owned the "shadow" half of Barra were plundered in like fashion.

MacGibbon and Ross say of Barra Castle that "its architecture clearly places it in the first half of the seventeenth century." Dr. Alexander Morison, however, points out in his "Blackhalls of that Ilk and Barra" that Barra could not have been a barony in 1598, when George Seton acquired it, unless there had been a fortalice on the lands. Possibly there was a simple keep to which Seton added largely in 1614 (the date carved on one of the gable crow-steps). The monogram "M.G.S." on a window at the south-west angle of the courtyard perhaps stands for Mary and George Seton, and the three intersecting crescents above the monogram are from the Seton arms. About 1630 the castle passed into the hands of George Morison, a burgess of Aberdeen. At the end of the seventeenth century, the Reids owned Barra and made some alterations within the castle. John Reid was made a Nova Scotia baronet in 1703, and the monogram of his wife, Dame Mary Abercromby Reid, witnesses to this stage in the castle's history. Sir James Reid, who succeeded to Barra in 1750, was the last of the resident lairds, for in 1754 the castle passed to John Ramsay of Aberdeen, who added the wing to the right of the entrance front. It now belongs to his descendant, Mrs. Irvine of Barra and Straloch. Happily, the moderate



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THE BEE-PRESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

size of the building has always ensured the maintenance of the fabric, and until late years it was occupied as a farmhouse. Not long ago it was judiciously repaired for its owner under the superintendence of Mr. George B. Mitchell, and it is now the residence of Mrs. Burnett.

It is the more fortunate that the castle has been restored to a condition of architectural honour because its treatment is unusual for so early a date. It suggests that Seton had advanced ideas as to comfort in planning. The "keep" treatment was abandoned for a more spread disposition of the rooms. The wheel stair from the kitchen cellar up to the dining hall (now the drawing-room) is traditional, but the room to the left of the entrance made a new feature. There is a notable absence of the characteristic corbelling which is seen so richly at Midmar, and the turrets run up straight from their foundations. For all that, Barra Castle remains distinctively Scottish. The reparation has been carried out on most conservative lines. Partitions and other fittings which formed no part of the original arrangements have been cleared away. The old fireplace in the hall was opened up, and the panelling renewed

where needful. The vaulted kitchen has been restored to its original appearance, as also the room called after Bruce, which,



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MIDMAR CASTLE: NORTH SIDE

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BARRA CASTLE: ENTRANCE FRONT.

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THE SOUTH SIDE.

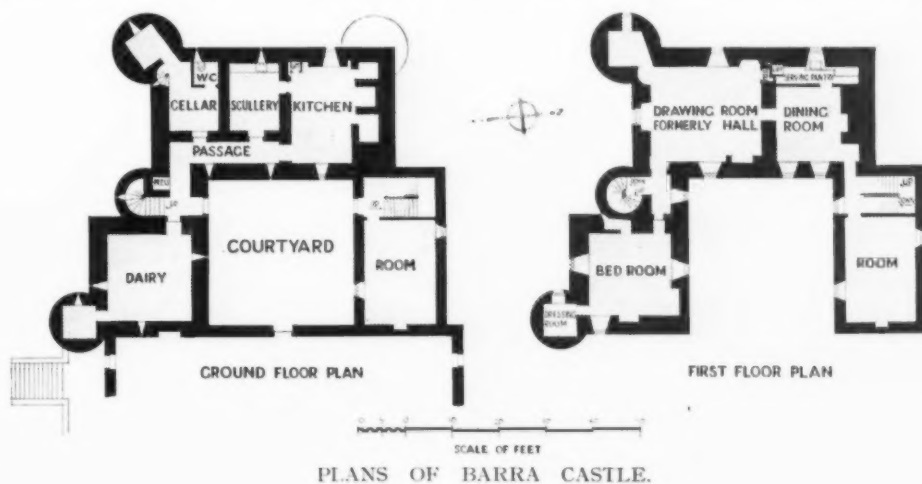
"COUNTRY LIFE."

it may be, formed part of a castle earlier than Seton's day. The exterior is the more attractive because it has not been harled so freely as Midmar, and the grey stone is brilliant with great patches of golden lichen. So many Scottish castles have suffered havoc beyond repair at the hands of careless or ignorant "restorers" that it is the more pleasant to emphasise a case where one has been made fit for modern life without any loss of its historical quality. L. W.

THE GORDON . . . MEMORIAL COL- LEGE, KHARTOUM

THE English public, after subscribing for the establishment of an institution, not uneldom forgets to enquire into the progress that has been made. We all remember the energy and unceasing care with which Lord Kitchener, after the cessation of military operations in the Sudan, agitated for the purpose of establishing a college at Khartoum in memory of General Gordon. The annual report is before us as we write, and it is an eminently satisfactory one, showing that the work done there is of a most useful and practical description. Agriculture is receiving very careful attention, and the effects are already becoming visible on the country. Under Dr. Balfour the work of research has been extended. Lord Kitchener tells us that "over 500 students have passed out of the College, and are now employed in various capacities by the Sudan Government. Among these not more than 10 have failed to give complete satisfaction." General Wingate gives many interesting details in regard to the work. A passage out of his report will show the character of the teaching: "To judiciously introduce a modicum of Western culture without alienating the sympathies of the student from the traditional Eastern culture is the object aimed at, but time alone will show whether the seeds now sown will bear the desired fruit. It will be observed that the teaching staff have begun to replace the memorising system of learning—so dear to the heart of the Oriental—by adapting their lectures in such a manner that the student will be required to make an independent mental effort at each stage of the subject. It is admitted that such a radical change can only be made by slow degrees. Another point on which too much stress cannot be laid is the effort to discover and develop the abilities of each student along the line on which he shows the greatest natural aptitude, and it is hoped that it may be eventually possible to create a 'form-master' system, under which a member of the staff will be told off in each class to give special advice and help to the students and report on their progress. Mr. Currie foreshadows the possibility, in the not remote future, of going a step further, by the introduction of House Masters." It is curious to learn that students show great interest in the engineering school—about the last science that we would have expected the nomads of the Sudan to take up; but the technical branches of the Government value very highly the services of those who have passed through their courses. Mr. Sawyer, who used to be in charge of the Agricultural Department at Natal, has been appointed Director of the Central Agricultural Experi-

mental Station at Khartoum North, which was formerly managed by the Agricultural and Forests Departments of the Sudan Government. Among the detailed reports the most interesting are those dealing with instructional workshops, research work, anthropology and engineering. The English reader's interest in all this lies less in the actual details of the work done than in the evidence



PLANS OF BARRA CASTLE.



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BARRA CASTLE: THE SOUTH-EAST TURRET. "COUNTRY LIFE."

afforded that the people of the Sudan have been taken by the hand and are being gradually led forward in the path of civilisation and progress. Much of the work done has attracted the notice of experts throughout Europe; but the greatest achievement is that to which naturally least attention is paid, namely, the dissemination among all sections of the community of new ideas of culture.

A TOWN GARDEN.



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THE BIG LILY POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE owners of town houses are generally not very enterprising in the treatment of their available garden space, which is often by no means contemptible, particularly in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. They are apt to think that town gardening is a hopeless pursuit, and that everything will be killed by the smoke-laden air. While it is true that there are many flowers and shrubs with stems and leaves so absorbent that they suck in the evil constituents of London air to their own destruction, there are many others with tough skin which are unaffected. The area of choice is limited, but when plants of delicate habit are eliminated, many remain, more than enough to make a garden brilliant at all seasons. It is also true that the outlook from many town gardens is unpropitious, but this very defect will bring to light good qualities of design. Miracles of privacy can be wrought by a judicious and generous use of treillage and hardy climbing things, where tall walls would mean undue expenditure. If existing walls are ugly, graceful treatment may be devised for them with trellis, tricked out, by a pardonable because frank deceptiveness, in arcading and with effects of receding vistas. With the increasing pleasure which people take in hours spent and meals eaten in the open air, it is good to take stock of the possibilities which lie open to dwellers in London. By the apt use of architectural features like treillage screens, by the judicious employment of water in pool and fountain

and by such other elements of design as statues, vases and pavements, many of the delights of garden environment can be cherished. By way of emphasising how much can be done with what is left of three-quarters of an acre after a large and spreading house has been built upon it, we publish some photographs of the late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's garden.



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SMALL POOL AND FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Many years ago, when he went to Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, to make his home, he found that another artist had already given thought to the garden. The great French painter, Tissot, had not altered the simple treatment of the house itself except to add a studio, but in the garden he had set up part of the treillage colonnade which now exists. This was continued by Sir Lawrence round the lily pond. Although the garden is not extensive when compared with country gardens, some beautiful trees, notably a great ilex which stands between the house and the lily pond, give it an air of largeness. This feeling has been emphasised with skill by its last owner. A covered way, with an iron roof resting on a stone wall and piers, leads from the entrance to the house. If, however, we turn to the left, we come upon a broad elliptical arch of treillage, on which creepers have made an almost impenetrable roof. Through this arch there appear in the distance the lily pool and the treillage colonnade which follows its outlines. On another side of the house there is a quite distinct little retreat with a shaped pool seen through overhanging trees. In the middle of the basin stands a fine vase fitted as a fountain, and made of polished green Siberian marble. It is the same material of which such good use was made in the grandiose decorations of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's garden was, like his house, but necessarily in a less degree, characteristic of his wide sympathy with all things beautiful. Though the colonnaded screen brings its hint of the grand manner of French garden design, no undue restraint has been placed on the rich growth of ilexes, double peaches and magnolia. The note of formality has not been allowed to hinder



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THE TREILLAGE COLONNADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the free play of natural beauty. Masses of lilies and other water plants riot in the larger pool, a home of great tame carp, which bring to mind the gardens of Fontainebleau. Nor is other wild life lacking. When this writer was lately at the house, a cheerful squirrel left its home in a tree to run into the dining-room and carry off a store of nuts. Though this article is concerned mainly with the garden, it is not possible to give an idea of its character without some reference to the house.

Of the building itself it is difficult to write. Had anyone with less sure and catholic taste collected, from the whole world



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LOOKING THROUGH THE TREILLAGE ARCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

over, so rich a store of treasures, and then enshrined them in a house of his own devising which bears the mark of no historical style, the result might easily have been inharmonious to the point of bewilderment. This house succeeds because it is instinct with a great and rich personality, and the general effect is extraordinarily satisfying. It is not as though Sir Lawrence had started on a clear site to build for himself a palace of art. He took the plain early nineteenth century house as he found it, and added a room here and a wing there, following the natural levels of the site, and overcoming all the difficulties which this kind of remodelling brings in its train. People who know him only or mainly by his pictures are apt to think of Alma-Tadema as pursuing a single devotion to the arts of Greece and Imperial Rome. Nothing could be further from the facts. To him perhaps more than to any other painter of his time all arts of all climes were one. Though the noble studio with its great silvery dome strikes a severe yet rich classical note, he did not fear to line the apse with Tunisian tapestries, which are one of the flowers of Moslem art. An indefatigable collector from his early youth, there seems to have been no product of any fine or decorative art from east or west, from north

house with its garden will pass into a sympathetic ownership. It has been, for so many years, one of London's chief meeting grounds for all who love and practise the arts that it may be hoped the rich associations which have gathered round it may not be dispelled.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

SIGNS are not wanting in the bird world—as elsewhere—of the near approach of winter. For some weeks now flocks of fieldfares, golden plover, curlew and whimbrel have been passing southward during the hours of darkness, and on at least one occasion a flock of wild geese were seen on migration. Coming as they do from the far North and often from districts quite unfrequented by man, these winter visitors are often surprisingly confiding. For instance, we recently noted a flock of fieldfares congregated in a veteran Scots fir in a certain Highland glen, and the birds showed quite noteworthy confidence, allowing us to reach almost the foot of the tree before taking wing, uttering their pleasing alarm notes as they flew. We have been interested this season in noting how much earlier the trees of the Midlands stripped themselves of their leaves than their relatives north of the Border. This was specially marked in mid-October, for at this time many of the trees in the neighbourhood of London were quite bare, while in Aberdeenshire the birches in their golden leaves added a great charm to the landscape. The exceptionally fine bloom on the heather remained abnormally late, and even during the third week in October some plants were in full blossom—a most unusual occurrence.

ON THE WATER OUSEL.

We had occasion, in a former number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, to refer to our meeting with a pair of "water crows" at a height of 3,700ft. above sea-level. Although this was in August, we chronicled the fact as interesting, and so we consider it a still more remarkable occurrence that we flushed a bird from precisely the same part of the hill burn on October 19th, when the winter's snow was already lying a few hundred feet higher up the hill. We imagine that the feeding in this particular locality must be specially favourable to the dipper, and were it not that no trout can possibly exist in the neighbourhood—the burn half a mile lower down falls over a sheer precipice—the water-ousel would certainly be blamed for searching the waters for spawn, for the locality furnishes ideal spawning-beds. It is evident, then, that some aquatic denizen must have its home among these shingles, and this fact—we put forward the theory—may quite possibly have been the cause of condemning unjustly the water-ousel as a devourer of spawn in cases where these shingles are indeed the spawning-beds of trout and salmon.

THE SNOW-BUNTING IN AUTUMN.

Within half a mile of our encounter with the water crow we watched for some time a small flock of snow-buntings searching for food at the banks of the burn near the 4,000ft. level. Here a thin covering of fresh snow lay on the ground, and we were somewhat surprised to find the snow birds at this elevation so late in the season, for at a nearly corresponding date last year we had met with them in the glen beneath—at a height of less than 2,000ft. above the sea. On that occasion the birds had been curiously timid, but now they allowed of approach to within a few yards. Whereas during the nesting season the cock bird is noticeable in his boldly marked black and white plumage, it is most difficult during the present time of year to determine the sexes when the



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THE COVERED WAY TO THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

or south, which he did not press into the service of his decorative schemes, and always with a harmony which compels our admiration. We lack space here to illustrate more than the garden of this great artist's home, but many pictures of the interior will be shown in the *Ladies' Field* of December 7th. They will help to elucidate the extraordinarily æsthetic grasp and archaeological brilliance which this great Dutchman brought to the making of the English home he loved so well. Whatever place the future historian of painting may assign to Alma-Tadema—and we may be sure it will be a high one—it is at least pleasant to think that his adopted country showered on him every honour, including that most coveted distinction, the Order of Merit. But for many years to come one of his greatest monuments will be the memory in the minds of his friends of a rich, ever-kindly and brilliant personality. When his friend Lord Leighton died, his house in Kensington was publicly consecrated to the use of art-lovers. A like suggestion has been made in the case of Alma-Tadema's home, but it does not seem probable that it will come to fruition. It may be hoped, however, that the

birds are on the ground, but the whiter wings of the male bird serve as an identification mark when these hill dwellers take wing. We have every reason to believe that the snow-bunting breeds on this particular hill-face and speculated as to whether the birds we had under observation had been reared in this corrie or whether they were migrants from the north. We may mention that this season—for the first time for several years—we failed to see or hear a single snow-bunting in song in a certain glen where the birds are in the habit of nesting, and much missed the wild notes of a bird which is heard, in this country at all events, only on the very highest hills.

A GROUSE STORY.

We were recently informed by a stalker of our acquaintance that he had on two distinct occasions seen a hen grouse carry her young. He stated that the mother bird and her brood were on a hill track at the time and that, when alarmed, the parent grouse removed one of her chicks from danger by making off with it held firmly under her wing! Our informant was quite positive as to the accuracy of his statement, and the incident is certainly worth recording if only to support the contention advanced by so many ornithologists, that woodcock carry their young. That this does at times take place is, we think, admitted at the present day, and though we have never actually been witnesses of it ourselves we have come across more than one stalker and keeper who have been eye-witnesses of the incident. In a certain instance a stalker

on his way to the river one early summer evening disturbed a woodcock with young. The bird in her alarm snatched up one of her chicks and flew with it *across the river!* What was the ultimate fate of this unwilling passenger? Did the parent bird afterwards transport the rest of her brood across the river? Did she return after danger was past, with her child, or did she leave it and rejoin the rest of her family?

BLACK-GAME AND THE EAGLE.

Be the reason what it may, it would certainly appear as though the golden eagle rarely captures the black grouse for his own food or as food for the eaglets. In a glen where a pair of eagles nest every season and where, indeed, they may be seen during almost any day of the year, black game are plentiful—in fact this glen is one of the favourite resorts of the species in that particular county—and yet we have never seen an eagle attempt to give chase to one of these birds, nor have we ever come across a specimen in the eyrie. We imagine the reason for this is, perhaps, the fact that the black grouse rarely leave the protection of the fir woods, where they would of course have ample cover from their pursuer. That the eagles do at times hunt the woods for prey is we think demonstrated by our discovering in an eyrie on one occasion the remains of a squirrel in the eagle's larder, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the king of birds prefers to carry out his foraging on the bare hillside.

SETON GORDON.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE RUN OF THE WEEK.

THE run of the week was unquestionably with the Cheshire Hounds, and came in succession to a good deal of sport of a high order, which had been enjoyed in late cub-hunting and since the beginning of the regular season. It is satisfactory that the new Masters, Mr. Roylance Court and Captain Higson, should have begun their second season with a run of sport. It is satisfactory also that Short, the new huntsman, should be handling hounds with skill and success. He had, of course, an excellent training under Mr. Edward Barclay in the Puckeridge country. I am a great admirer of the Puckeridge hounds as they are at present, both on the flags and in the field. Short knows all about hunting, but he also has the useful gift, necessary to a huntsman, of being able to ignore the crowd behind him and fix his mind on the run of his fox and the working of the pack. It may be said that Short has been fortunate in finding stout foxes and in meeting with good scents, but I have always noticed that the cleverest huntsmen have the best luck. The chase of which I am now to tell was a most brilliant one. They made a ten-mile point, and after they turned into the best of their country and pointed for Wrenbury, the pack ran for an hour and twenty minutes without a check, and that over a grass country which it is hard to beat. It is at this time of year that the Cheshire grass rides best, and if the fences are a little blind when hounds are on a straight-going fox, we must take some chances everywhere. The pack ran on a wonderfully direct course to the big wood at Combermere. Here hounds pushed their fox straight through with great resolution, and, leaving Marbury on the right, ran (still over a charming line of country) and marked their fox to ground in the North Shropshire country on Prees Heath, rather over ten miles from their starting-point, and nearly all good going till just at the end, since the ground about Prees is rather deep and trappy for tired horses. The Duke of Westminster is away hunting on his French property. He is so pleased with the sport in that country that he is reducing his stud in Cheshire. The Duchess, however, is hunting in Cheshire, and came in for a capital five-and-thirty minutes' run when hounds met at Wilkesley. While writing of the Cheshire it may be noted that the famous Tarporley Hunt Club held its meeting the other day. Major Mosley Leigh is the president for the year, and Miss Poole of Marbury Hall the lady patroness. The Tarporley Hunt Club dates from 1762, and each year, as sung by its laureate, Mr. Egerton Warburton:

When without verdure the woods in November are,
Then to our collars the green is transferred;
Racing and chasing the sports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and spurred.

Long may this hunt club, one of the few remaining, survive to wear the green collar and to toast fox-hunting, as their fathers did of old, at the annual meeting.

BRAMHAM MOOR.

I have noted above how good luck seems to haunt the skilful huntsman, and of this the Bramham Moor are another instance, for

with fewer natural advantages in his country than those of Cheshire, for example, Peter Farelly has the best record of the week, for two good hunting runs over this difficult country are a feather in the huntsman's cap. It is, of course, quite true that the Bramham Moor are difficult for any fox to shake off; they were bred to hunt and to persevere under two such fine judges as the late Mr. George Lane Fox and Thomas Smith, his huntsman. The Bramham Moor have the credit of never leaving their hunted fox, in spite of turns and twists, as long as an atom of scent remains; but I confess that I think, however good a pack of hounds is, it requires no small amount of skill and judgment on the part of the huntsman to keep a pack on the line in a cold-scenting country for any length of time. The first run has already been widely celebrated in the Press, not so much on account of its intrinsic excellence as a hunt as because the fox was killed on the outskirts of Leeds, in the midst of the busy traffic of the suburbs of a great city. A run of two and a-half hours, such as the first one was, cannot be throughout a very fast one; but the chances are that there must be—as, indeed, there were in this case—some periods in the course of the chase when hounds press their fox. If they did not do this they would never kill him. In some respects the second day, when they met at Deighton, was the better of the two. In the first place, the Ainsty section of the Hunt in which hounds found themselves is, perhaps, the best scenting part of the Hunt. It is also the stiffest to ride over; but being near York, its fixtures are favourites with those who love a gallop and do not object to big ditches. The fox of the day was picked up in the open, ran a ring to begin with, and then, finding hounds unpleasantly close (by the way they drove they must have been very close to him), ran very fast as far as Bickerton. Crossing the main road he was headed, and hounds hunted back to the starting-point. The best of the run was over, and the fox, gaining more and more upon hounds, beat them at last.

THE WADDON VALE.

I have noted many times, when hunting with the Cattistock and the Waddon Vale, that hounds find it increasingly difficult to force foxes out of the very pretty and typical fox-covert called Hewish. When foxes get there, and especially in the last two or three seasons, they seem to cling to it. One reason of this is the popularity of the Hunt, for, when within reach of Weymouth, numbers of foot-people turn out to see the sport and to hinder it. Foxes that are continually headed lose heart and run short not only on that day, but afterwards, either because they are afraid or because they find by experience that it is an excellent way of baffling hounds. Nevertheless, you never go into the Waddon Vale without seeing sport, and two capital gallops, one from Mayo's Gorse and another from Buckland Wood to Chickrell, redeemed the day from flatness. It was over this very country last year that we had two runs not soon to be forgotten. Each lasted an hour and more and each ended with well-deserved blood for the hounds. Perhaps it may be that, as they say in West Somerset, the skill of the Master and the pace of the hounds have unduly "shrunk" the boldest foxes in the Vale.

THE SOUTHDOWN.

Even in these days of villas, poultry-farms and shooting tenancies there are few pleasanter countries within reach of London than the South-down. There is a good deal of variety, and the downs often test the speed of a thorough-bred horse. The going is seldom hard, but the Down country has two dangers of its own—the chalk soil is apt to become very slippery, and when galloping with hounds it is desirable to keep a sharp look-out for chalk-pits, which are a source of danger to careless riders. Of course, like all hill countries, a steep climb has occasionally to be faced, and the possibility of this has to be considered when looking over the hunter which is to carry us.

X.

RULES AND CUSTOMS OF THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"Play the game" applies to hunting as much as to any form of sport or pastime, in none of which can be found more opportunity to lapse from the principle in its best sense. Among a section of the field, when hounds run, there enters a certain element of competition, a fine, wholesome element, too, if it does not lead to jealousy. Take, for instance, a case of which I can speak from personal recollection: a fox having been found late in the day when most of the field had gone home. Two men had been going in front practically alone, side by side, fence by fence, over a good country; nearing the edge of this, when the vale changed to downland, was a fence in which was wire—obvious, and not dangerous, but round which a way had to be found. One turned right, the other left; the latter had to go half a mile before getting clear, and found that he was behind the old gentleman who had been riding the lanes and roads. When the fox was killed the two men met again, and the first remarked that he knew the way round that fence was the corner to the right. It is a small thing, but typical. The ultimate loss was really with him who was the immediate gainer, as the omission of a warning shout, which would have marked him a sportsman, and cost nothing, possibly lost him a friend, and certainly placed him among the class of "non-sporting men."

Ladies have the reputation of "riding jealous," but the subject is delicate, not one for me to touch except to say that they certainly have not a monopoly of this vice, and to humbly beg of them to show a good example in this, as in much else. Besides the little *contretemps* which may arise from jealousy, there are many more distinct unwritten rules the breaking of which may lead to much unpleasantness, if not more serious consequences than losing one's place with hounds. Take the case of a man who lets a gate swing in the face of those following him. That this will happen most innocently will be admitted at least by all who may have to ride a horse which is awkward at gates, as some horses are; but even in that case he owes an apology to his next follower, and should wait long enough to tender it. This, however, is one of the sins which is apt promptly to bring its lesson, as it probably affects several of those following the culprit, and among whom it may confidently be counted upon that there is one quite capable and willing to express himself forcibly on the subject.

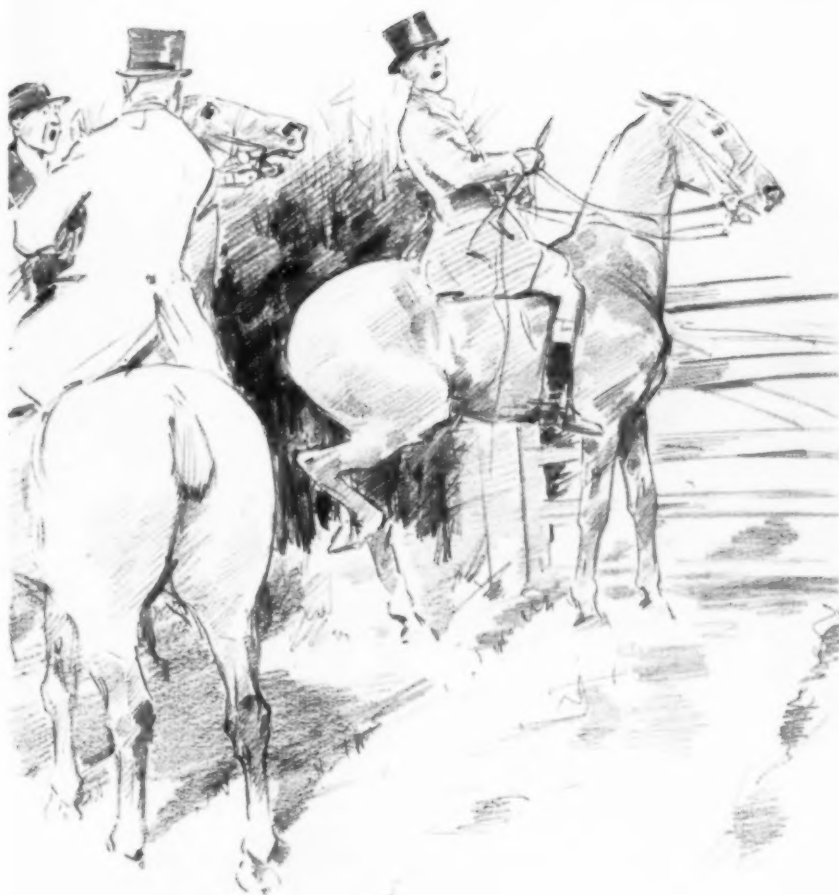
Among the most necessary and imperative of rules are three, the first of which is "never cut in at a fence"; there are horses that will do this, generally the result of bad riding, but such horses should almost be forbidden the hunting-field; they are infinitely more dangerous than the ribbon-decorated kickers, and if not forbidden it is absolutely necessary that their riders should remember their idiosyncrasy and guide them accordingly.



JUMPING INTO HIS POCKET.



THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.



AMIABILITY.

There are few countries in which there are not some fences which are only jumpable at certain places, and where people must take their turn, one behind the other. This matter of turn is one which must always be largely between a man and his conscience in a crowd, and capable of very liberal interpretation, but "Play the game" is all that can be said again.

Besides the actual danger, the feeling that there is someone close behind your back is daunting to all but the most insensible nerves.

When speaking of rules, one comes inevitably to the question of the kicker—that he must wear a red ribbon on his tail is about the best known and oftenest disregarded rule extant.

In some big fields where blood horses are the rule, this last would almost seem to require official enforcement, as the amount of kicking from undecorated horses one sees—if luckily one does not even feel it—is alarming, and I personally hold that there are some horses that, were they owned by true sportsmen, would not be taken into a crowd at all. Yet I have seen a rider upon such a horse swear at the unfortunate victim behind for coming too near the brute.

Besides taking your turn it is necessary that the person in front may be given time to get over or fall, as the event may be—too much stress cannot be laid upon this. It is particularly liable to be infringed by ladies who are using someone as a pilot, as is sometimes the case. This may be done by mutual arrangement, in which case the pilot in all probability will in case of need have asked for the necessary room; but it is often a more informal proceeding, when a lady may find herself behind a man whose style of crossing a country seems to suit her, and whom she may be almost unconsciously following. Going may be sound and jumping easy,



CUTTING IN.

when the leader may find a bad landing, and what might have been only a scramble and a recovery is turned, when the second person is so near, into a bad fall in which both may be involved. G.

PONY BLOOD AND ITS VALUE IN HORSE-BREEDING.

ALTHOUGH many breeders have long known the value of our native breeds of mountain and moorland ponies, yet the Report of the Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries cannot fail to emphasise the extent of the debt of the light horse to strains of blood derived from our native ponies to those who are ignorant of it or who have never thought over the matter at all. The Report is of greater value to breeders because the Committee was composed of practical men. The chairman, Lord Arthur Cecil, has bred largely; he is at the present time a large owner of stallions turned out in the New Forest, and to him we owe the general acceptance of the undoubted truth that all our native breeds are of common origin and that we may, without injury to the characteristics of the breed, use stallions of any true pony breed to introduce fresh blood into the herds of native ponies running over moorlands or on the hills. Mr. Northey, another member, is a well-known breeder and judge from Dartmoor. Mr. Charles Coltman Rogers of Slanage Park is the editor of the most valuable, useful and readable Stud Book in existence, that of the Welsh cobs and ponies. Mr. Mardon has full practical knowledge of the Exmoor and Mr. Dale is a judge of ponies who has for six years in succession awarded premiums and prizes in the New Forest, with a steady increase in the entries submitted to him. Two main objects were set before the Committee by their reference: To establish to the satisfaction of the President of the Board of Agriculture the importance of the native breeds, and when that was accomplished to indicate the lines on which the breeds under consideration could best be preserved and improved. The first part of the Report is devoted to showing to what extent our native ponies have influenced and benefited the various breeds of light horses. It will, perhaps, be new to some people to learn to how great an extent the English thorough-bred is indebted to its descent from the native pony. Many people believed, and still believe, that the expression "thorough-bred" signified horses descended on both sides from pure Eastern ancestors. Two notable writers on the English race-horse, the late Mr. J. Osborne and Mr. T. A. Cook, however, showed conclusively how great was the influence of English blood. The Report under consideration goes a step further and traces the derivation of certain strains of racing blood from Fell, Welsh, New Forest or Exmoor ponies. That the influence of these native English and Irish breeds has been great on the thorough-bred and, indeed, all our light horses, the Report sets out; but, perhaps, mental qualities which the ponies develop under the stress of their wild life in the open and its often severe conditions have been most valuable of all to breeders—two qualities, indeed, "the will to race" (which is in part derived from the well-known pony habit of putting his heart into his gallop) and that particular blend of courage and docility which we call the "polo temperament," since without this our animals carefully bred to polo-pony type are useless for the game. The Report makes it clear that the value of our native ponies to horse-breeding depends to a great extent on the life in the open which they lead, and that the first object of those who wish to preserve our ponies should be to protect from undue interference the half-wild life which hardens the constitution, gives them the intelligence and makes the mountain and moorland breeds reservoirs of pure blood which, flowing by various channels into our breeds of light horses, reinvigorates them. The Report shows how the fortunate alliance of native mares with Eastern horses, themselves a race hardened, refined in frame and intelligence by the conditions of desert life and climate, helped to produce the thorough-bred race-horse, and was an important factor in the evolution successively of the hackney or roadster, the hunter and the polo pony.

It has long been an established axiom of breeders that a strain of pony blood is invaluable in hunter-breeding. Nay, we may go further and say that our best hunters almost invariably derive their excellence from a pony ancestry. The Irish hunter owes much to the Galway and Connemara ponies, and it is good news that several men and women are making a resolute effort to restore this latter breed. The Cornish and Devon hunters derive many of their fine qualities from the old pack-horse strains, and these in their turn were full of pony blood from the Goonhilly ponies, now, unfortunately, practically extinct, and from other West Country pony breeds. It may be a coincidence, but it is interesting to note that the lines of pony blood most useful in hunter-breeding

have been in many cases those which, like the Irish, Cornish and Devonshire ponies, were used for carrying peat, tin, or other pack-work.

The Committee, having established the value of pony blood in the past, show also how ponies influence horse-breeding in the present, and point out what reservoirs of pure, untainted blood are the breeding herds of the mountains, moors and hills. They draw the natural inference from this that the true way to take advantage of our pony strains is to preserve the herds uncrossed by alien blood or by injudicious if well-meant efforts to improve them. This does not prevent an occasional infusion of kindred pony blood from other wild herds in order to obtain an outcross when necessary. It is found that, where this is done, no harm ensues, nor is even the particular type of the district much, if at all, affected or altered. So powerful, indeed, are the influences of environment that in three generations, or sooner, the stock reverts to the type of the particular district in which it is bred. Take the New Forest as an example. If we go to the Lyndhurst Stallion Show we shall see there, besides the regular Forest stallions, ponies from the Highlands, the Fells, Exmoor, Wales and Dartmoor. Yet, if we look at the young stock exhibited at Burley in the autumn, we shall find that the Forest types prevail, and further enquiry will show us that such varieties as these come from the mares and foals running in different parts of the Forest. In the ninety thousand acres of the New Forest there is a great variety of soil, of pasture and even of climate, and each section has types of ponies more or less peculiar to it. But the Committee find that horses of thorough-bred or hackney blood cannot live on the moors, and do little good and some harm.

The conclusion come to by the Committee is that the true course is to endeavour to improve the breeding stock which live in the open all the year round, and that the best way to do this would be to follow the lines adopted by local committees and associations. The two great wants of these mountain and moorland breeds are more and better stallions (some breeds, like that on Dartmoor, are actually in danger of degeneration for want of sufficient stallions to turn out), and encouragement to owners to keep their best fillies to become brood mares. The mountain and moorland market is a peculiar one. The colts and fillies are sold as suckers before their first winter in the open. In kinder climates, on richer pastures, they grow out of all knowledge, and serve to spread pony blood throughout the country. The pick of the mares are often crossed in their new homes with bigger horses, and produce hunters for boys and girls, and sometimes for folk of larger growth, polo ponies, ride-and-drive ponies and light vanners. The dealers at these sales naturally try to pick the best fillies, and it is really easier to a practised eye to foretell the future of the colt as it runs beside its dam than it is to speak with confidence of the possibilities of a yearling or a two year old. The Committee, therefore, in order to check the drain of the best fillies, recommend a system of annual premiums for chosen fillies of promise, to be continued until the first foal is born, so that it may be worth the owner's while to keep them for the breeding herds. Hitherto the best have been sold, the worst have been kept.

One of the best-looking and best-shaped breeds of ponies is that of the Church Stretton Hills, where, by the application of the Commons Act, it has been possible to eliminate the inferior animals from the breeding stock. Only second to the necessity of supplying good stallions in sufficient quantity, and the desirability of selecting the best fillies in order that they may become brood mares, is the advisability of stern elimination of the unfit.

Many other matters are dealt with in the Report, notably the needless destruction of valuable pony pasturage in the New Forest by bad forestry and neglect, matters which the President of the Board of Agriculture has, we believe, now the power to deal with. The question of railway charges for the carriage of ponies is most important, because the sale of mountain and moorland ponies, like all other livestock, depends for prosperity on the market, and the market is adversely affected by excessive railway rates. The conclusion that forces itself upon us is that this Report shows how closely interwoven are all our breeds of light horses, and that it is impossible to benefit any, even the humblest, race of ponies without raising the standard of horse-breeding all over the country. We can see, too, that this matter of the improvement (or, rather, the sustaining and preserving) of these breeds is of urgent importance, and well worth the very moderate expenditure recommended by the Committee, which should certainly give good return for the outlay, benefit the districts affected and directly influence in a favourable manner the whole course of English horse-breeding.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF the most pronounced interest is the record by an essentially modern scientific mind of the country of Palestine, which is fuller than any other of religious and mystical association. This is the character of the book which Sir Frederick Treves calls *The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine* (Smith, Elder). It is written in no unsympathetic spirit. No one could have felt what Sir Frederick Treves has set down if he had not formed high expectations and been grossly disappointed. But if we take the central point of the country, Jerusalem, it must be admitted that the principal places shown to sightseers must be modern. It has been, as far back as history goes, a City of Sorrows. "Jerusalem shall become heaps, there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down," said the prophet, and the words have been amply fulfilled. Summing up its history, Sir Frederick recalls how it was destroyed by the Philistines and the Arabs, by the Persians and the Parthians, by the kings of Egypt and the kings of Assyria, by the Romans, by the Crusaders and by the Moslems:

Twice was its destruction so complete that it remained for periods of some sixty years a tumbled ruin, uninhabited and forgotten. Twice indeed did "the city sit solitary that was full of people," while only the howl of the wild beast broke the silence of the deserted streets.

It has been consumed by fire, rent by earthquake, and decimated by pestilence. Its people have been swept off in one sudden day by a blast of murder, and have rotted through long sickly weeks from drought and famine. It has been an arena for the display of the vilest passions that have possessed the human race, and the scene of at once the most glorious and the most degrading demonstrations of religion that the world has witnessed.

In a city that has been ruined so frequently and so often, it must be difficult indeed to point out the real site of any historic building. Thus, Sir Frederick Treves passes on from disillusion. Of the Via Dolorosa, the Path of Pain, along which Christ is supposed to have walked on His weary progress from the judgment hall to crucifixion, he says that, if it existed, "it would indeed be the most dolorous and the most sacred footway in the world," but what he found in reality was a quite modern lane which for some distance is a paved passage between blank walls, which changes into a mean street and ends ignobly in a vaulted passage full of noisome shops, a "dirty and callous street." The road in point of fact did not come into existence till the sixteenth century and, according to Dr. Sanday, its course has been frequently changed. Sir Frederick goes on to say that:

The magnitude of the deception can be realised if it be remembered that the site of Calvary is not known, that some forty years after the crucifixion of Christ Jerusalem was so utterly destroyed by Titus as to be left a "mass of scarcely distinguishable ruins," that it remained a mere heap of stones for some sixty years, when the Emperor Hadrian built upon the waste a Roman city and made of Jerusalem a purely heathen colony, and that it was not until some three hundred years after the death of Christ, when every trace of the city of His time had been obliterated, that any attempt was made to discover the so-called sacred sites.

All the more touching is it to read his account of the poor Russian pilgrims who, after living thriftily for the best part of life, make the journey to Jerusalem. He gives a fine description of these pilgrims:

Their sincerity is beyond doubt, their trust is that of a child, their faith is pathetic and unquestioning. Tears stream down their faces as they walk along the Path of Pain, wrung by the belief that they are actually treading in the footsteps of Christ. At each "station" they kneel and pray; they kiss the wall, or, falling down in the dirt, kiss the filth of the road.

The man of science will not have it that the ecstasy of devotion is lessened in worth by the chicanery and falsehood by which it is surrounded. The true consolation is in the thought that

somewhere in Jerusalem, buried fathoms deep beneath dust and stone, there lies in supreme peace the ineffable path actually trodden by the feet of Christ, and that "none shall pass through it for ever and ever."

The Holy Sepulchre that has been visited so often was probably among the holy sites discovered by the servants of the Emperor Constantine among the acres of rubbish which represented the old city. To say the least, it is very improbable that they chose the right one. After carrying his investigations up to a certain point, Sir Frederick's mind revolted from the quest.

"We declined," he said, "to see the dark place in which Christ, together with the two thieves, was imprisoned while the preparations for the crucifixion were being made. We also declined to see the stocks in which the feet of Christ were placed, as well as the two impressions on the stone which show the actual footprints of the Redeemer. These things lie rotting in an intellectual dungeon of the world, buried from the wholesome light of modern reason and stifled under the shadow of imposture and superstition."

To follow him in his subsequent journey is to go from disappointment to disappointment. The names that have become endeared to us from childhood, so that the very phrases that indicate them bring up visions before the mind's eye, have all been changed in the passage of two thousand years. Who can use such an expression as "the Mount of Olives" without calling up an idea of dark greenery and rustling leaves? Once no doubt it answered to the description; to-day it is a forbidding-looking slope disfigured with very modern and ugly buildings. At the foot of it is the Garden of Gethsemane. Probably it was not a garden in the modern sense of the meaning at the beginning of the Christian era, but the Franciscan monks who attend to it have now produced a formal garden of the very latest type. Professor Dalman holds that this could not be the Gethsemane to which Christ retired for privacy. He holds that it should have been more to the north, where no road followed the valley or crossed over the mountain.

Sir Frederick Treves is as little pleased with Nazareth as he had been with Jerusalem. It lies in a sorry country where the land is bare and treeless. Nazareth is concealed among the hills, and not far off is Endor, rendered ever famous by the witch who appeared to Saul, the King of Israel. But much food was evidently supplied to the mind of the traveller by the sight of the stony ground on which the feet of the Divine Child had trod, and no doubt the hard, stern conditions of life that exist now were very much the same two thousand years ago. Outside, indeed, there is comfort even in the desolation, but inside the city of Nazareth there is a mere wilderness of convents and monasteries, orphanages, churches and schools looking as if those who constructed them were in hurried competition one with another. In spite of all its modern deformity, there were times when the Nazareth of to-day suggested to Sir Frederick Treves the sort of place it must have been when Christ was a little child there. He gives one fine description of an early morning, when daybreak did not yet reveal the churches, convents, cottages, minarets and spires, but the summit of the surrounding hills stood out "clear cut as jet on dull silver" and showed every peak and dell that had been familiar to the Nazarene for twenty centuries and more. As he looked a cock crowed. A little later two donkeys pattered by along the road that leads to the south, and he thought:

"Just such a sound as this must have stirred the dawn and have roused the ear of the sleeper when Joseph and Mary went down to Jerusalem with the Child."

Thus Nazareth after all yielded that intellectual pleasure that the pilgrim looks for. It was otherwise with Tiberias, which

exists to prove that mere stench is not fatal and that the persistence of human life is not incompatible with sturdy vermin and the lack of every observance of hygiene.

In spite of this pessimistic tone, it must not be thought that the book is uninteresting. On the contrary, the railing and fault-finding of the physician, who is nothing if not absolutely sincere, produce in the end a finer effect than the gush and rhetoric of more emotional visitors; and, after all, it does not seem to be inappropriate that desolation should lie over Palestine, since its glory has for so long departed.

An Introduction to the Study of the Protozoa, with Special Reference to the Parasite Forms, by E. A. Minchin, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Professor of Protozoology in the University of London. (Edward Arnold, London, 1912.)

PROFESSOR MINCHIN has written, as he always does write, a thoroughly sane, sound and informed volume on the Protozoa. His object has been, as he tells us in the Preface, to write an introduction and not a treatise. But it is an introduction which presupposes a considerable amount of knowledge of zoology on the part of those who read it. Still, with the aid of an ingenious arrangement by which the explanation of the technical terms, when first they occur in the text, are indicated in the index, any medical student will be able to wrestle with such difficulties as the subject presents.

The vast majority of protozoa are invisible to the naked eye. Some, it is true, such as the nummulites, which form the nummulitic limestone of Egypt, are as large as shillings, and others, such as the mycetozoa, which, by the fusion of microscopic cells, form thin sheets of protoplasm varying in area from four to five inches square to the size of an insurance stamp, are very visible. But the great majority of this group of animals are microscopic, and are known to humanity more by their works than by their appearance. In spite of the enormous complexity of their bodies, the protozoa are regarded by most people as being somewhat simpler in their mode of life and in their functions than are multi-cellular organisms. For many years they were studied solely with the view of learning what these comparatively simple forms can teach us in questions such as sex, life-history, the meaning of the nucleus, methods of reproduction and so on. But within the present century they have leapt to importance as disease-causing organisms hardly second in gravity to bacteria, and it is to the medical side of his subject that Professor Minchin has in the main directed his attention. Hence it is that, whereas the Foraminifera, which build up a considerable share of the rocks of the surface of

the earth, are dismissed in seven or eight pages, and the Mycetozoa in five, the Hemoflagellata, which play so devastating a part in disease, have forty pages allotted to them. This group include the dreaded *Trypanosoma*, first discovered several years ago in cold-blooded vertebrates, in fishes and in frogs. They are now known to occur in many species of mammals, birds and other vertebrates. As a rule, in the wild state the trypanosome causes little harm to its host; what Lancaster calls "a harmony" has been established between the parasite and the host, and the host is "tolerant" of the parasite. A rat may have its blood swarming with *T. lewisii* and be apparently none the worse. A healthy rat inoculated with this organism soon shows in its blood an amazing number of trypanosomes. They multiply for some twelve days at an appalling rate, and yet its general health is not perceptibly affected. After twelve or thirteen days the multiplication of the parasite ceases, and after a further stage the number of parasites steadily diminish in number, until at the end of three to five months the blood is quite free, and any attempt to reinfect the rat with *T. lewisii* fails. On the other hand, if the same rat be infected with *T. brucei*, matters take a very different turn. The trypanosomes multiply at once, and continue to do so as long as the animal lives. By the fifth or sixth day there are more parasites in the blood than blood corpuscles, and the death of the rat follows very quickly. While the blood of the rat may be simply swarming with its own trypanosome, and the rat remains perfectly healthy, a man in the last stage of sleeping sickness caused by *T. gambiense*, or cattle dying of Nagana caused by *T. brucei*, will have so few trypanosomes in their blood that it is almost impossible to detect them. As Professor Minchin points out, such facts strongly suggest that the parasites produce specific poisons; and, indeed, such a toxin has been isolated in the case of *Sarcocystis*, and Laveran and Pettit claim to have obtained a specific poison from trypanosomes.

One of the most remarkable developments in our knowledge of the processes of protozoal infection has lately come to the front, and that is that some protozoa, such as *Piroplasma*, which gives rise to a tick-borne disease of cattle in Africa and elsewhere, are capable of making their way to the ovum of the tick, remain in it when the egg is laid, grow up with the larvæ and pass through the nymph to the adult stage, when again the tick is capable of conveying the parasite to its vertebrate host. A similar procedure takes place with *Nosema bombycis*, the cause of the pébrine or silkworm disease which devastated France in the middle of the last century. Spores of this organism, as a rule, are liberated by the death of the caterpillar, or pass away from the intestine with undigested food, thus fouling the mulberry leaves upon which other silkworms are feeding. But a certain number of the parasites penetrate into the ovary and infect the eggs, and so the next generation of silkworms are born infected. In this way the parasite is enabled to pass over the winter months in the egg of its host, and to hatch out when the silkworm hatches in the following spring. It was a knowledge of this which enabled Pasteur to stay the silkworm plague. The body of the moth that laid the eggs was packed up in an envelope with her eggs. During the winter this body was searched for parasites, and when any trace of them was found, the body and the eggs which had come from it were

burned. An allied organism is now causing widespread alarm among bee-keepers, as it is the *causa causans* of the "Isle of Wight Bee Disease." Owing to the entirely different life-history, it is unfortunately impossible to treat the members of a hive in the way that Pasteur treated the silkworm moths.

As we stated at the beginning of this review, the book is eminently readable and eminently sound. It is illustrated by some two hundred figures, many of them new, at any rate to text-books, and we can congratulate Professor Minchin on having written one of the best books of its kind that have ever come into our hands.

The Trees of Great Britain and Ireland, by H. J. Elwes, F.R.S., and A. Henry, M.A.

THE sixth and penultimate volume of this great work has just been issued. It deals chiefly with rarer genera of the conifer and yew families, also catalpa, prunus, magnolia, pyrus and eucalyptus. The major portion, perhaps, is of special interest to the gardener rather than the forester; either must turn to its pages for the best information as to some twenty-four eucalypts which have been more or less tested in this country, and five species of catalpa; their relative hardiness is valuable information. The American advocacy of "hardy catalpa" as a timber tree is in this country not applicable. The chief timber trees described are the common spruce and the false acacia. Three detailed instances of a phenomenal yield of timber in spruce woods are reported, but the conditions of soil and climate are in these cases stated to be exceptional, and "on ordinary land it will starve to death before it will clean itself from branches." Fifteen other species of picea are fully described. In fulness and wealth of information this volume upholds the good record of its predecessors.

Folk Tales of Bengal, by Lal Behari Day. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. (Macmillan.)

THIS collection of old fairy-stories forms an interesting addition to Indian folk-lore, and the tales, by a sort of fundamental resemblance to those on which the youthful European imagination is fed, certainly bear evidence to the truth (in these days, surely, undisputed) that "the swarthy and half-naked peasant on the banks of the Ganges is a cousin, albeit of the hundredth remove, to the fair-skinned and well-dressed Englishman on the banks of the Thames." These twenty-two tales, obtained after much search from the lips of old natives, and translated later from memory, read, in spite of the difficulties involved, with the true "folk" ring of simplicity, than which there is no more elusive note for the modern writer to catch. It is this note, for which the collector has evidently keenly listened, that vouches for the tales being "a genuine sample of the old, old stories told by old Bengali women from age to age through a hundred generations." Here are no modern elaborations or subtleties, no hint of the myriad greys that fill in the spaces between dazzling white and inky black, no suggestion of virtue ever left unrewarded, or evil anything but soundly trounced; here is nothing, in short, for which in folk-literature there is no place. Instead, we get the definiteness, the naïveté of an earlier day, emotions dependent on material conditions, and rewards and punishments exactly apportioned.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE RIGHT LIE.

A FRIEND who is good enough to say that he has derived profit from some of my writings—these little courtesies are always pleasant, and surely one may accept them in the spirit in which they are offered without any illusions about taking them at their face value—this agreeable friend tells me that I might, in his opinion, help many a golfer by giving a dissertation on the "lie" of clubs. His point is one that he makes as a result of his personal experiences, for he tells me that he struggled for years and years trying to play with clubs of a lie that did not suit him, and it was only after these years of unprofitable labour that he hit, accidentally as it were, on a club with a lie—that is to say, an angle of shaft with head—which did fit him, and immediately he made a vast advance in his game, and his progress, if modest, has been steady ever since.

Of course all this, that is written on his suggestion, is not intended for the player who takes up golf in his youth, at that beautifully plastic age wherein muscles and every other means of adjustment will mould themselves into the form demanded by the club. As we advance to years of discretion and of stiffened muscles we have to get the club to conform to our wants rather than conform our limbs to the club. Of course, the first answer that I returned to my friend's suggestion was, "Oh, as to this matter of the lie of the club, every man must work out his own salvation. Every man has to find out for himself what the lie of the club is that suits him best."

"Well," he replied, "if you would only write and tell people that much, it might save a great many tears. When they begin golf they do not realise—I did not realise—that the lie could make all this difference. It was not for years that I realised it, and then only by accident."

No doubt there is much in what he said. It is always the teacher's greatest difficulty to see with the eye of the pupil—to appreciate his point of view. Every golfer then—let it be said—ought in the first place to realise this, that there is a certain lie of club which will suit him better than any other, and it is worth his while to make trial of clubs of many different lies until he finds out just which the

angle is that suits his anatomy best. To this end I think it would be a very good thing if the makers and professionals could have such a contrivance as a "try club," just as a gun-maker has a "try gun," which he can modify as to length and angle of stock until he gets them just right for the physical idiosyncrasy of each customer. It may be suggested that the professional, out of the multitude of clubs that he will have in his shop, can just as easily put one after another, each of different lie, into the hand of the tyro, who can thus see which fits him; and no doubt that can be, and commonly is, done. But it is not quite the same thing, and does not give quite as good a test, as if the same club were used in the trial, time after time—the same, that is to say, save for an alteration in the angle of the head with the shaft, which could be very easily arranged by a little ingenuity.

That then is the first thing needful, that a man shall realise the value of finding out the lie of club that best suits him. It is a point in which the advice of a sound teacher of the game ought to be of great use. Hints as to the different lies that will best suit different anatomies can be given only in a very general way. The lie should be such that, when the sole of the club lies evenly on the ground as it is laid behind the ball at a distance which seems convenient to the player, the grip of the club shall come pleasantly into the player's hands as he stands in position to hit the ball. It should not compel him either to lift or to depress his hands unduly. It seems to suit some men to crouch to the ball and hold their hands low. Evidently they will require a club with a lie that is very flat—that is to say, of which the angle of shaft with head is very obtuse—in comparison with those who stand more upright and hold their hands higher when they address and strike the ball—always on the assumption that the clubs they are using are of equal length. Or you may convert the proposition and put it thus, that the longer the club a man elects to play with, the flatter its lie must be. Some of the old cricketers, such as the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, found that the golf club which suited them best was a very short one, with a very upright lie. With such a club it is possible to play a stroke which far more nearly resembles that with the cricket bat than is at all possible with a long and flat-lying club. For the "reforming cricketer," as

I dared to call him at the time of the first writing of the Badminton Golf Book, I strongly recommended this style of club. Nowadays there is not the same need that there used to be of this reformation. Almost all who are cricketers in their youth learn golf also; but if there be any whose education in the latter branch of knowledge has been neglected, the counsel is as good for them now as when it was first given. Presumably, other things being equal, a short man should play with a flatter lie than a tall one; for the hands of the former, as he addresses the ball, are likely to be nearer the ground, and consequently, in order to get the sole of the club flat when it is laid behind the ball, the head has to be at a more obtuse angle with the shaft than when the hands that grip that shaft are higher. These details, however, will be learnt by each man for himself; the big thing for him to recognise is that there really is one angle of head with shaft which suits him better than any other, and that it is well worth his while taking trouble, at the start of his golfing life, to find it out.

H. G. H.

A POINT OF GOLFING LAW.

ONE out of the recent batch of answers by the Rules of Golf Committee has rather interested me because, unless I am much mistaken, I was present at the heated and complex argument which preceded the addressing of the question to St. Andrews. What happened, shortly, was this. A player found his ball lying unpleasantly close to the bank of a bunker. He took up his stance and swung back his club, when bang it went into the bank close behind him. He began again, and again the same thing happened. He tried a third time, with the like result; then he once more changed his stance and attitude and played the ball out of the bunker in another direction. The answer given by the Rules Committee is much as one would expect—that if the player did nothing by those preliminary and abortive canterers to make the stroke easier, he has incurred no penalty. When, however, I remember the arguments of the original objector I am not sure that he will yet be wholly satisfied. The rule which, in a noisy concert, we quoted against him was No. 25, dealing with conditions of play in hazards: "In addressing the ball or in the backward or forward swing, any grass, bent, bush or other growing substance, or the side of a bunker, wall, paling or other immovable obstacle may be touched." We declared that in swinging his club against the bank of the bunker the player must either have been addressing the ball or taking his backward swing, and that in either case he was by the law immune. "Not so," replied, in effect, the argumentative one; "it is perfectly clear that he was not addressing the ball, since any fool can tell the difference between a waggle and a swing. As to the backward swing, there can in the nature of things be only one backward swing. Three backward swings



JAMES SHERLOCK.

Who went round the Stoke Poges course in 66.

in one and the same stroke is an absurdity." The argument, of course, had no end, and even now, I suppose, there will be no finality, for we cannot go back to the *locus in quo* to see whether or no the player improved his position by thumping the wall of the bunker. The Rules Committee have, however, laid down that it is a custom of the game for the player, when doubtful if there is room to swing the club, to touch the side in order to gauge the distance.

A "TEST CASE."

There has lately been another case involving a question, not of the laws of golf, but the laws of England. A gentleman at Epping Forest, having hit his ball out of bounds on to another gentleman's property, climbed over a barbed-wire fence in order to retrieve it, whereupon he was summoned for doing damage to the extent of sixpence. Evidence was given that the golfer had apologised and offered to pay for any damage, and the summons was dismissed. The case was described as being a test case; but it would, one would think, have better come under that description if the golfer had been less eminently polite and reasonable and had merely declared that it was his ball and he was coming to get it. The law as to a ball out of bounds always seems to be rather difficult, and indeed I believe that one distinguished golfer who has held the position of Attorney-General has declined to give an answer on the subject off-hand. The ball certainly belongs to the player and the land certainly belongs to the landowner, and at that point there seems to be something of an *impasse*. I seem hazily to recollect a formula, said to have been invented by two eminent Oxford jurists in case they should be found trespassing by an irate farmer when on a country walk. It ran something as follows: "I claim no right to be here. I tender you one shilling for any damage I have done. Please show me the nearest way off your land." If we can remember to be as polite as this, perhaps we shall come to no great harm in retrieving an errant ball.

A NEW GREEN AT SUNNINGDALE.

Everybody who has been to Sunningdale lately has been struck by the excellence of the recent alterations, and particularly by the new twelfth hole, although there is some minor criticism of the exact angle at which the new green is set. Yet another big alteration is now being made at the sixth hole. The wholly admirable tee shot, with a heathery waste and a ditch in front and fir trees on either flank, remains the same, but the second shot will be much improved. A good shot was always needed, but one could never quite see where one was going, and this was the more provoking because the green was a gently sloping one and one needed a good view in order to make the right allowance for the slope. Now a fine upstanding plateau is being built, so that the player will see precisely what he has to do and will have no excuse for not doing it. The shot will be not, as I should imagine, very much unlike that to be played at the twelfth. Mr. Colt has a great affection for these holes, wherein the green stands up boldly and almost defiantly, as may be seen at Swinley and also at St. George's Hill, and he certainly devises them very skilfully.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANINE ECZEMA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I note with interest the discussion in your columns as to the causation of this disease. In my opinion, eczema in the dog is all too frequently a distinct "evil of domestication"—and mismanagement. Thus I consider the following to be the main predisposing causes:

Irregular and Too-frequent Feeding.—Digestion in the dog is particularly slow. In adult dogs one suitable meal, at an approximately regular hour, will suffice and give the best results. As regards too-frequent feeding, I would point out the peculiar sympathy betwixt the digestion and the condition of the skin.

Unsuitable Feeding.—The dog is of the tribe carnivora—a natural flesh-eater endowed with those huge "carnassial" molar teeth adapted for the crushing of bones. The animal, of course, is not living the life of a wild beast, but natural conditions should obtain as far as possible. The dog, I contend, requires flesh for his welfare, and not an *excess* of starchy or carbohydrate diet, *e.g.*, biscuit. I am, of course, aware that most dog-biscuits contain a certain amount of meat; but in many cases what sort of condition is that meat in? And what sort of condition was it in when it entered into the composition of the biscuit? One has only to break enough biscuits in two, and inspect their internal anatomy, to form a conclusion. I have no wish to be didactic, but for my own part I prefer to feed the animals in my custody on ship biscuits (as provided for the sailors), supplementing the proteid part of the diet by adding fresh pieces delivered from the butcher's shop, alternated with occasional paunches (of course, preparation

of these in a house is objectionable). For bloodhounds and the larger breeds generally, I see no objection to horse-flesh procured from a reliable source. I do not wish to appear particularly prejudiced against the dog-biscuit-maker and *hoc genus omne*, but I do say that, while doubtless there are a few reliable dog-biscuits on the market, there are a great many bad ones. It occurs to me that *tallow* will be found in many!

Want of Exercise.—I need not labour this point.

Induced Costiveness through Restraint.—How many owners drill cleanly habits into a dog, and having effected that desirable consummation, neglect to turn the unfortunate animal out of the house at regular intervals?

Over-heating of the Skin.—Most house-dogs acquire the "fireside habit," which is, I think, most conducive to eczema. One is distinctly helpless in combating this factor.

I honestly consider the foregoing to be the main causes of the wonderfully frequent appearance of eczema in the dog. There are other predisposing factors one could mention, but they are lesser ones, to my mind. Before concluding, I would remark that I have always considered the Aberdeen terrier peculiarly subject to eczema—this from observation of the cases that pass through my hands. I have so frequently made a mental note of these little Scotch gentlemen—affected with the disease commonly from head to tail—and wondered whether *heredity* played a part. In treating them, I soon learned of the efficacy of a meat diet. Apologising for an unintentionally long letter.—M.R.C.V.S.



KING PENGUIN TRUMPETING.

the end of the music the head and neck are brought swiftly downwards as though all of one piece and hinged only at the base; and down it is held, as if in reverence, for some seconds, when, as suddenly as the performance began, it ends, and the bird becomes once more a nonchalant, waddling old gentleman!—W. P. PYCRAFT.

[We have much pleasure in reproducing the excellent photograph Mr. Pycraft kindly sent with his article, and at the same time we give two others to show the King Penguin in his normal position.—ED.]

CORNISH PASTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Replying to a correspondent's letter (E.M.) in your issue of the 16th, Cornish pasties may be made of beef, mutton or pork, as desired, but the meat must be fresh and the potatoes uncooked. The more meat there is put into them, of course, the richer the pasty, but they may be made of very little meat and, in that case, more potato, when a little finely-chopped onion may be added if desired. For the pastry, to one pound of flour allow four ounces of lard and two ounces of butter and a pinch of salt. Mix these lightly into the flour and make into a firm pastry with cold water. Make the pastry into balls about the size of a small orange for medium-sized pasties. Cut the meat into small pieces and season with salt and pepper. Slice the potato

thinly. Roll out one of the pieces of pastry a little less than a quarter of an inch thick, keeping it as round as possible. Put on a thin (or thick as desired) layer of the meat and sliced potato. Press the edges of the pastry firmly together, taking care not to let any of the meat or potato fall out; turn the edges of pastry in neatly (like a turnover). Then place in the oven, which must be hot enough to set the pastry without burning. It is a good plan to put a cup or basin of water in the oven when baking pastry to prevent it from burning. Pasties made in this way will take three-quarters of an hour to bake. Turnip may be used instead of potato, and in this case the turnip must be sliced as thin as possible and the pasties will take quite an hour to bake. I am indebted to a correspondent for the above information, but in the old days, when I used to know Cornwall fairly well, I have some recollection of the making of these pasties, and I can remember the lady with whom I stayed, who was a fine cook and took a keen interest in her household, saw that the meat was beaten with a rolling-pin, and pepper, salt and spices forced into the meat. No doubt long remembrance has made the pasties of one's boyhood something exceptionally good, but certainly on recent visits to Cornwall I have experienced a great difference between the Cornish pasty of the old days and the Cornish pasty of to-day.—R. S.

CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter and photograph on the above subject in last week's COUNTRY LIFE bring to my mind a very pleasant hour spent with two charcoal-burners eighteen months ago. Their camp was pitched upon a charming slope above the Wye, a mile or two from Symonds Yat. The



KING PENGUIN.

"head of the firm" was a man of nearly seventy years of age, who told me he had been a charcoal-burner all his life; the "junior partner" was his son. The old man, after the fashion of all workers, bemoaned the badness of the times; but with the same breath he rather threw doubt on the genuineness of his lament

by hoping that his son would stick to the business. He added that, although he no longer travelled far afield to distant counties as formerly, he and his son had at present as much work as they could undertake; this he attributed to the comparatively high price just then ruling for charcoal. The men's "cabin" was built of poles, as shown in your photograph; these were plastered over with turves and clods of earth, and the whole roughly covered with one or two tarpaulin sheets, rather to the detriment of the cabin's beauty. Within, an armful or two of straw, spread on a rough erection of logs on either side of the door, formed the men's nightly resting-place. A fragrant wood fire was smouldering in the narrow space between these beds, and a litter of pots and plates, with a chunk of bacon and a loaf, was at the far end opposite the door. Wind is the charcoal-burner's *bête noire*; even the gentle breeze then drawing up the narrow high-banked valley of the Wye swept the slope and drove the fire through the lee side of the burning "pits." This breaking through of the fire must be corrected at once by strengthening the weak places of the pit's sides with spadefuls of earth and ashes; in an exposed situation, during windy days and nights, this work goes on almost incessantly. Dirty the work undoubtedly is, especially the riddling of the burnt-out cinders for stray bits of charcoal. During this operation my two friends became hidden from sight in a dense cloud of dust.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

HAIRDRESSING FOR THE WEEK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of some African natives engaged in braiding one another's hair—their Sunday occupation.—S. ATTENBOROUGH. Naivasha.



A SUNDAY OCCUPATION.

TO CURE INTERDIGITAL SORES IN DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My Aberdeen terrier suffers frequently from abscesses on his front paws. When swelling they are evidently most painful, and until they have burst he is very lame. They occur just where the paw divides, always on the top, never underneath the foot. We bathe the feet in warm water with boracic powder dissolved in it, and try to bandage the paws to keep out the dirt; but, of course, the dog soon gnaws the bandages off. I shall be greatly obliged if you can suggest a remedy, and whether any sort of tonic should be given, as he often seems languid. The veterinary surgeon, I believe, considered it a form of eczema, but I do not think he has been very successful in his treatment. I shall be very grateful if you can suggest any suitable remedy. We give him raw meat in addition to some that is cooked and mixed with his biscuit, "Osoko."

—M. G.
[These interdigital sores are by no means rare. After they have been softened by the application of hot bread poultices, they should be opened and packed with boracic gauze for a few days in order that they may drain. Bathe with disinfectant. Two drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic might be given in the food once daily for four or five weeks. Possibly the dog would be all the better for a vermifuge, and a dose of Epsom salts (about one drachm) would be helpful. This goes down all the easier if well sweetened.—Ed.]

DEPARTURE OF THE "POSTE" FROM SAAS-FEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the way in which the mails and tourists' baggage are conveyed in Switzerland from the nearest railway station, or diligence route, to the villages in the High Alps. Here is seen the midday post just leaving Saas-Fée, five thousand nine hundred feet, for Stalden, in the valley



THE "POSTE" MULE AT SAAS-FEE.

below, a journey of five hours. It is astonishing what heavy weights these sturdy little mules carry up and down the steep and narrow mountain paths.—I. WILSON.

TAVISTOCK STREET—A CENTRE OF FASHION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the course of my trade-card collecting I have come across two trade cards which may be of special interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, as they clearly indicate that about the middle of the eighteenth century Tavistock Street and its dependency, Tavistock Row, formed a centre of fashionable shopping almost as important as the Bond Street of to-day. The houses on the south side of Tavistock Street were much higher than those which bordered the "Garden." From the upper rooms of the buildings covering the site now occupied by the offices of COUNTRY LIFE one could look down on St. Paul's Church, around which raged the humours attending the frequent Westminster Elections and the fierce political contests associated with the names of Fox, Sheridan and the Hoods. Cumberland, writing of "Tavistock's fantastic street," goes on to say that it is there "where Humour points, or veering Fashion guides." In *The Original* of June 3rd, 1835, Walker assures his readers that "Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, was once the street of fashionable shops—what Bond Street was till lately, and what Bond Street and Regent Street together are now. I remember hearing an old lady say that in her young days the crowd of handsome equipages in Tavistock Street was considered one of the sights of London." The beautiful trade card illustrated is dated 1751 and is that of Mrs. Barbara Fisher and her sisters, who carried on business at Gordon's Old Fan Warehouse under the sign of the Golden Fan and Crown in Tavistock Street. It announces the sale of "all manner of Fans Wholesale and Retail, likewise Lace, Childbed Linnen and all kinds of Millinery." They apparently succeeded some time prior to 1751 to the business already established by one Gordon at the sign of the Golden Fan and Crown. On the reverse of the engraved card is the following quaint little bill:

Mrs Hucks,			
B ^d of Bar: Fisher & Sisters			
1751.—July 12	A Muslin Polish Cap & Rib ⁿ	..	5 6
	A breast Knott	..	10
			6 4

Recd y^e Contents of this Bill on all Demand

ROBERT PERRIN

Other notable Tavistock Street shops were those of Fliddon, the tobacconist, whose "fragrant snuff" has been immortalised by Leigh Hunt, and Fiddes, the mineral-water seller, whose trade card is also illustrated. This card

FIDDES's original and genuine Mineral-Water Warehouse,
(The Golden Wheat-Sheaf, in Tavistock-Street, Covent Garden)

Are sold, Wholesale and Retail (for Ready-Money only)

All sorts of MINERAL-WATERS in their greatest Perfection; which are delivered, free of Expence, to any Part of the Town, at the following Prices, viz.

Per Dozen.		Per Dozen.	
l.	s. d.	l.	s. d.
Schizars Water, st	1 1 0	Scarborough Water	0 9 0
Pyrmont	0 15 0	Bristol, filled by Mr. Barrow	0 6 0
Bourne	0 15 0	Sea	0 6 0
German Spa, filled by Mr. Hay	0 14 0	Stoke, or	0 6 0
Neville Holt, filled by Dr. Short	0 12 0	Jeffop	0 6 0
Shadwell, filled by W. Berry, Esq.	0 12 0	Kilburn	0 6 0
Holt	0 10 0	Epsom	0 6 0
Hyde	0 10 0	Dog and Duck	0 6 0
Cheltenham	0 10 0	Tar	0 6 0
German Spa, in Fints	0 10 0	Dulwich	0 5 0
Bath	0 9 0	Atton	0 5 0

Allo Scarborough Salts, prepared according to the Directions of Dr. SNAW.—With Hyde, Cheltenham, Atton, and all other Purging Salts, and Mineral Waters, now in Ebbens: Likewise the true foreign Hungary and Lavender Waters; Syrup of Capillaire, &c.

* Both the Foreign and English Waters may be equally depended upon to be fresh, and taken from their respective Springs, in the best Seasons; and secured by peculiar Methods, to preserve their Medicinal Virtues: as will appear by several Testimonials, which any Person who pleases to desire it may peruse; one of which is given hereunder, viz.



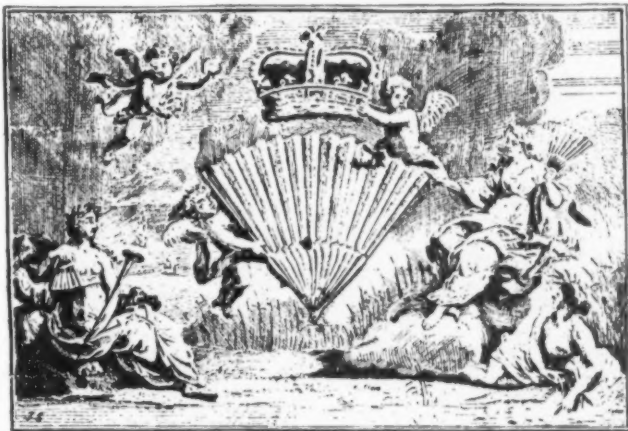
"Spa in Germany, 25 March, 1755.
"This is to certify, that I Alexander Hey, of Spa, have contracted with R. FIDDES of London (and no other Dealer in England) to sell our true Posdon Water; the said R. FIDDES having engaged not to deal in any false Waters. The Nobility and Gentry may be assured that the Posdon Waters, sent to the above-mentioned Dealer, are taken up at the only proper Seasons for filling, and are secured in the most effectual Manner. And to prevent Impositions, all the Flasks are sealed in Red Wax, with my Crest, being a Hand and bloody Yoke; and with the annexed Impression.
"A L E X. H E Y."

N. B. Allowances to Merchants, and others, who take Quantities.

Mrs Hucks
London, the 19 July 1757
Bought at FIDDES'S Water Warehouse, in Tavistock-Street, Covent-Garden;
One Doz of Scarborough Water - - - 9 = 0
One Doz of Bristol - - - 6 = 0
A Bottle of Hungary Water - - - 12 = 0
Total - - - 27 = 0
Recd the Contents of the Bill

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MINERAL-WATER SELLER'S CARD.

is full of interest, showing as it does that the popularity of mineral waters was as great in the middle of the eighteenth century as it is at the beginning of the twentieth, although many of the kinds then in vogue—"Dog and Duck Water," for instance—are now forgotten. It is not difficult, by the aid of these cards and other relics of the same nature, to reconstitute the scene which Tavistock Street must have presented when the "Maccaronis and Maccaronesses," described by Horace Walpole, flocked to the popular shops of Fliddon the snuff-seller, Mrs. Fisher the fan-maker, and Fiddes the dispenser of mineral waters. If worthy "Mistress" Hucks could revisit the scene of her shopping in the "seventeen-fifties," she would certainly be astonished at the present appearance of the street to which she went in quest of lace caps, dainty breast knots and a liberal supply of the invigorating beverages known as Scarborough, Bristol and Hungary.—A. M. BROADLEY.



At Gordon's Old Fan Ware-House,
the Golden Fan & Crown in Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
LONDON.
is to be Sold all Manner of Fans Wholesale & Retail
Likewise Lace, Childbed Linnen & all kinds of Millinery
Lace join'd & mended, Fans, Mounted, mended &c. by
Bar. Fisher & Sister, from Moore's Lane, Chambers in Duke's Court.

A FASHIONABLE MILLINER'S CARD 160 YEARS AGO.

"CHARLIE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Charlie, my pet fox, is now over eighteen months old, and was born in a hedge-bottom in the beautiful vale of Belvoir, not far from Hosc.



IN THE TREE.

He was one of a family of five; his brothers and sisters, however, were left in their nest of dry grass. Charlie had to be fed with a spoon, as milk was his only diet for a few weeks; afterwards he began to eat small bits of cooked liver, and tackled raw meat as he grew older. He is a very affectionate animal, and will lie on his back and kick like a cat does when he is rubbed. He was very much alarmed during his first motor ride. He has been to several meets of hounds, and has been petted by the followers of the Belvoir Hunt. When I leave home he is fastened up by a chain attached to a weight let into the ground, so that he can run round in a circle, and I have

watched him run round and round as if he had all the hounds in the world after him. He jumps up to my hand again and again like a dog will, and he likes to be groomed down. The Earl of Harrington came by one day, and I showed the fox to the hounds; the Earl pulled up and was very much amused, but told me his hounds would not kill him unless he halloed them on to him. In hot weather Charlie buries any meat left over from his meal. Whether this is done to preserve it from flies, etc., I do not know. I have weighed him on my scales, and he turns about eleven and a-half pounds. His brush became very much larger and finer the second year, and he cast his coat from June to August.—H. BARRETT.

PRAWN-FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the very interesting volume on "Fishing" in the COUNTRY LIFE Library, you recommend, in fishing for prawns from the rocks, that the following time should be chosen: "On rocky coasts, best time to catch prawns is in spring tides, about three hours after low water." Hence, "the second half of the flood tide" is often the best time. This coast here, towards Paignton, at Livermead Beach, is very rocky, and last week one boy got three hundred and forty large prawns. It is rather late, but there are prawns there. I fished yesterday and to-day. There was a new moon and also a splendid spring tide to-day, and I caught prawns, but only just for about one hour after the turn of the tide to flood. I kept watch for prawns beyond the three hours after low water; but not a prawn appeared after the first hour. Is it any use to go on after the first hour? Is it the time



TEMPTATION.

of year or what? The pools are surrounded by splendid rocks and a lot of lace weed, broad weed about three inches wide, and the usual weed. Is it under these weeds that the prawns that remain will be found about low tide, or under the rocks, before the general run-in of prawns with the tide? For any advice you can give me I shall be most grateful, as I am quite a beginner.

Do you consider November a good time of year for sea-fishing from a boat, or is it too late?—PRAWN.

[Mr. Adalo, to whom we sent your query, replies that it was at the state of tide recommended that he caught most prawns at Hastings, Teignmouth and elsewhere. Local conditions vary, however, and as regards Teignmouth (where there is a shifting bar which continually affects the rock pools lying within it), he has since been told that the first part of the flood is best. As Paignton is on the same part of the coast, the conditions may be analogous.—ED.]

NOT EGYPTIAN SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I see you have a picture in your issue for November 9th of some of my piebald sheep, which are called "Egyptian." Both Mr. Heatley Noble and myself have taken great trouble to try and find the origin of these sheep. We are satisfied they will never be traced. They are not Egyptian. Our researches so far locate them in parts of North Africa.—HENRY PLATT.



GALLOPING ROUND.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for November 9th I see a picture called "Egyptian Pure-bred Ewes," and am curious to know where the writer got the name. Though I have heard this breed of sheep called Syrian, Spotted, Spanish, Zulu and Barbary sheep, no one has yet suggested that they are, or ever were, Egyptian. There are many flocks in England and two at least in Scotland, and they have been in the country for a hundred and fifty years at least. Mr. Heatley Noble of Templecombe, Hanley, has taken a deal of pains to trace their origin; but though I believe they came from Morocco *via* Spain, we have not been able at present to find any similar sheep out of Great Britain. There are two distinct strains of them, in one of which the rams have two horns, and in the other four.—H. J. ELWES.



REYNARD'S RETREAT.